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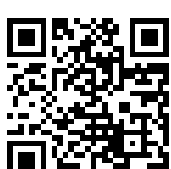

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THIRD READER

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THE CHILD'S WORLD

THIRD READER

BY

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EXTENSION WORKER IN RURAL SCHOOL PRACTICE
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NASHVILLE, TENN.

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1920

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CONTENTS

		Page
Philemon and Baucis	*Flora J. Cooke*	9
The Poplar Tree	*Flora J. Cooke*	15
Who Loves the Trees Best?	*Alice May Douglas*	18
Leaves in Autumn		19
A Story of Bird Life	*Henry Ward Beecher*	20
Bob White	*George Cooper*	25
How Mary Got a New Dress		26
The Plaid Dress		30
The Goddess of the Silkworm		34
The Flax	*Hans Christian Andersen*	37
The Wonderful World	*William Brighty Rands*	41
The Hillman and the Housewife	*Juliana H. Ewing*	42
The Elf and the Dormouse	*Oliver Herford*	46
The Bell of Atri	*Italian Tale*	48
A Dumb Witness	*Arabian Tale*	53
Giving Thanks		56
The Hare and the Hedgehog	*Grimm*	58
Epaminondas	*Southern Tale*	67
How Brother Rabbit Fooled the Whale and the Elephant	*Southern Folk Tale*	73
A Christmas Wish	*Eugene Field*	79
The Christmas Bells	*Old Tale Retold*	82
God Bless the Master of This House	*Old English Rime*	89
Squeaky and the Scare Box	*Georgene Faulkner*	90
The Glad New Year	*Mary Mapes Dodge*	99
Making the Best of It	*Frances M. Fox*	100
The Animals and the Mirror	*F. A. Walker*	106
The Barber of Bagdad	*Eastern Tale*	115

Digitized by Google

		Page
Winter Nights	*Mary F. Butts*	122
Hope's Doll	*Margaret Pumphrey*	123
Nahum Prince		130
The Little Cook's Reward	*Mrs. L. A. McCorkle*	134
Rock-a-by, Hush-a-by, Little Papoose	*Charles Myall*	139
The Tar Wolf	*The Indian Tar-Baby Story*	140
The Rabbit and the Wolf	*Southern Indian Tale*	149
Block City	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	154
A Good Play	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	155
The Monkey's Fiddle	*African Tale*	156
The Three Tasks	*Grimm*	163
The World's Music	*Gabriel Setoun*	170
The Sleeping Beauty	*Grimm*	172
The Ugly Duckling	*Hans Christian Andersen*	181
The White Blackbird	*Adapted from Alfred de Musset*	192
The Brown Thrush	*Lucy Larcom*	199
The King and the Gooseherd	*Old Tale*	200
Donal and Conal	*Irish Tale*	206
Who Told the News?		212
The Birds of Killingworth	*Adapted from Longfellow*	213
The Trailing Arbutus	*Indian Legend*	218
Hidden Treasure	*Grimm*	223
The Little Brown Brother	*Emily Nesbit*	228
Wise Men of Gotham	*Old English Story*	229
The Miller's Guest	*English Ballad (adapted)*	232
Saddle to Rags	*English Ballad (adapted)*	238
How the Flowers Grow	*Gabriel Setoun*	243
Aladdin	*Arabian Nights (adapted)*	244
The Rock-a-by Lady	*Eugene Field*	260
The Sand Man	*Margaret Vandergrift*	262
Dictionary		265
Suggestions to Teachers		269

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THIRD READER

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Oh, for a nook and a story-book,
With tales both new and old;
For a jolly good book whereon to look
Is better to me than gold.

—Old English Song.

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PHILEMON AND BAUCIS

I

Long ago, on a high hill in Greece, Philemon and Baucis lived.

They were poor, but they were never unhappy. They had many hives of bees from which they got honey, and many vines from

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which they gathered grapes. One old cow gave them all the milk that they could use, and they had a little field in which grain was raised.

The old couple had as much as they needed, and were always ready to share whatever they had with any one in want. No stranger was ever turned from their door.

At the foot of the hill lay a beautiful village, with pleasant roads and rich pasture lands all around. But it was full of wicked, selfish, people, who had no love in their hearts and thought only of themselves.

At the time of this story, the people in the village were very busy. Zeus, who they believed ruled the world, had sent word that he was about to visit them. They were preparing a great feast and making everything beautiful for his coming.

One evening, just at dark, two beggars came into the valley. They stopped at every house and asked for food and a place to sleep; but

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the people were too busy or too tired to attend to their needs. They were thinking only of the coming of Zeus.

Footsore and weary, the two beggars at last climbed the hill to the hut of Philemon and Baucis. These good people had eaten very little, for they were saving their best food for Zeus.

When they saw the beggars, Philemon said, "Surely these men need food more than Zeus. They look almost starved."

"Indeed, they do!" said Baucis, and she ran quickly to prepare supper for the strangers.

She spread her best white cloth upon the table, and brought out bacon, herbs, honey, grapes, bread, and milk. She set these upon the table in all the best dishes she had and called the strangers in.

Then what do you suppose happened? The dishes that the strangers touched turned to gold. The pitcher was never empty, although they drank glass after glass of milk. The loaf

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of bread stayed always the same size, although the strangers cut slice after slice.

"These are strange travelers," whispered the old couple to each other. "They do wonderful things."

II

That night Philemon and Baucis slept upon the floor that the strangers might have their one bed. In the morning they went with the travelers to the foot of the hill to see them safely started on their way.

"Now, good people," said one of the strangers, "we thank you, and whatever you wish shall be yours."

As he said this, his face became like that of the sun. Then Philemon and Baucis knew that Zeus had spoken to them.

"Grant, O Zeus, that one of us may not outlive the other," they cried in one voice.

"Your wish is granted," said Zeus; "yes, and more. Return to your home and be happy."

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Philemon and Baucis turned homeward, and, lo! their hut was changed to a beautiful castle.

The old people turned around to thank their guests, but they had disappeared.

In this castle Philemon and Baucis lived many years. They still did all they could for others, and were always so happy that they

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never thought of wishing anything for themselves.

As the years passed, the couple grew very old and feeble. One day Baucis said to Philemon, "I wish we might never die, but could always live together."

"Ah, that is my wish, too!" sighed old Philemon.

The next morning the marble palace was gone; Baucis and Philemon were gone; but there on the hilltop stood two beautiful trees, an oak and a linden.

No one knew what became of the good people. After many years, however, a traveler lying under the trees heard them whispering to each other.

"Baucis," whispered the oak.

"Philemon," replied the linden.

There the trees stood through sun and rain, always ready to spread their leafy shade over every tired stranger who passed that way.

—Flora J. Cooke.

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THE POPLAR TREE

Long ago the poplar used to hold out its branches like other trees. It tried to see how far it could spread them.

Once at sunset an old man came through the forest where the poplar trees lived. The trees were going to sleep, and it was growing dark.

The man held something under his cloak. It was a pot of gold — the very pot of gold that lies at the foot of the rainbow. He had stolen it and was looking for some place to hide it. A poplar tree stood by the path.

"This is the very place to hide my treasure," the man said. "The branches spread out straight, and the leaves are large and thick. How lucky that the trees are all asleep!"

He placed the pot of gold in the thick branches, and then ran quickly away.

The gold belonged to Iris, the beautiful maiden who had a rainbow bridge to the earth. The next morning she missed her precious pot.

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It always lay at the foot of the rainbow, but it was not there now.

Iris hurried away to tell her father, the great Zeus, of her loss. He said that he would find the pot of gold for her.

He called a messenger, the swift-footed Mercury, and said, "Go quickly, and do not return until you have found the treasure."

Mercury went as fast as the wind down to the earth. He soon came to the forest and awakened the trees.

"Iris has lost her precious pot of gold that lies at the foot of the rainbow. Have any of you seen it?" he asked.

The trees were very sleepy, but all shook their heads.

"We have not seen it," they said.

"Hold up your branches," said Mercury. "I must see that the pot of gold is not hidden among them."

All of the trees held up their branches. The poplar that stood by the path was the first to

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hold up his. He was an honest tree and knew he had nothing to hide.

Down fell the pot of gold. How surprised the poplar tree was! He dropped his branches in shame. Then he held them high in the air.

"Forgive me," he said. "I do not know how it came to be there; but, hereafter, I shall always hold my branches up. Then every one can see that I have nothing hidden."

Since then the branches have always grown straight up; and every one knows that the poplar is an honest and upright tree.

—Flora J. Cooke.

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WHO LOVES THE TREES BEST?

Who loves the trees best?
"I," said the Spring;
"Their leaves so beautiful
To them I bring."

Who loves the trees best?
"I," Summer said;
"I give them blossoms,
White, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best?
"I," said the Fall;
"I give luscious fruits,
Bright tints to all."

Who loves the trees best?
"I love them best,"
Harsh Winter answered;
"I give them rest."

— ALICE MAY DOUGLAS

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LEAVES IN AUTUMN

Red and gold, and gold and red,
Autumn leaves burned overhead;
Hues so splendid
Softly blended,
Oh, the glory that they shed!
Red and gold, and gold and red.

Gold and brown, and brown and gold,
Of such fun the west wind told
That they listened,
And they glistened,
As they wrestled in the cold;
Gold and brown, and brown and gold.

Brown and gold, and red and brown,
How they hurried, scurried down
For a frolic,
For a rolic,
Through the country and the town,
Brown and gold, and red and brown.

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A STORY OF BIRD LIFE

I

Once there came to our fields a pair of birds. They had never built a nest nor seen a winter.

Oh, how beautiful was everything! The fields were full of flowers, the grass was growing tall, and the bees were humming everywhere.

One of the birds fell to singing, and the other bird said, "Who told you to sing?"

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He answered, "The flowers and the bees told me. The blue sky told me, and you told me."

"When did I tell you to sing?" asked his mate.

"Every time you brought in tender grass for the nest," he replied. "Every time your soft wings fluttered off again for hair and feathers to line it."

Then his mate asked, "What are you singing about?"

"I am singing about everything," he answered. "I sing because I am happy."

By and by five little speckled eggs were in the nest, and the mother bird asked, "Is there anything in all the world as pretty as my eggs?"

A week or two afterward, the mother said, "Oh, what do you think has happened? One of my eggs has been peeping and moving."

Soon another egg moved, then another, and another, till five eggs were hatched.

The little birds were so hungry that it kept

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the parents busy feeding them. Away they both flew. The moment the little birds heard them coming back, five yellow mouths flew open wide.

"Can anybody be happier?" said the father bird to the mother bird. "We will live in this tree always. It is a tree that bears joy."

II

The very next day one of the birds dropped out of the nest, and in a moment a cat ate it up. Only four remained, and the parent birds were very sad. There was no song all that day, nor the next.

Soon the little birds were big enough to fly. The first bird that tried his wings flew from one branch to another. His parents praised him, and the other baby birds wondered how he had done it.

The little one was so proud of it that he tried again. He flew and flew and couldn't stop flying. At last he fell plump! down by

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the kitchen door. A little boy caught him and carried him into the house.

Now only three birds were left. The sun no longer seemed bright to the birds, and they did not sing so often.

In a little time the other birds learned to use their wings, and they flew away and away. They found their own food and made their own nests.

Then the old birds sat silent and looked at each other a long while. At last the mother bird asked, "Why don't you sing?"

"I can't sing," the father bird answered. "I only think and think!"

"What are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking how everything changes. The leaves are falling, and soon there will be no roof over our heads. The flowers are all gone. Last night there was a frost. Almost all the birds have flown away, and I am restless. Something calls me, and I feel that I must fly away, too."

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"Let us fly away together!" the mother bird said.

Then they rose silently up in the air. They looked to the north; far away they saw the snow coming. They looked to the south; there they saw green leaves.

All day they flew. All night they flew and flew, till they found a land where there was no winter. There it was summer all the time; flowers always blossomed and birds always sang.

— Henry Ward Beecher.

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BOB WHITE

There's a plump little chap in a speckled coat,
And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,
Where he whistles at breezy, bracing morn,
When the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked is
the corn:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?
Now I wonder where Robert White can be!
O'er the billows of gold and amber grain
There is no one in sight — but, hark again:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Ah! I see why he calls; in the stubble there
Hide his plump little wife and babies fair!
So contented is he, and so proud of the same,
That he wants all the world to know his name:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

— GEORGE COOPER.

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HOW MARY GOT A NEW DRESS

Mary lived a long time ago. She was a little girl when your great-great-grandmother was a little girl.

In those days all cloth had to be made at home. Aunt Dinah, Aunt Chloe, and Aunt Dilsey were kept busy spinning and weaving to make clothes for the whole plantation.

One day Mary's mother said, "Aunt Dilsey, Mary needs a new dress, and I want you to weave some cloth at once. Can you weave some very fine cloth?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Aunt Dilsey. "I have some cotton I've been saving to make her a dress."

Aunt Dilsey got out the cards and carded the cotton smooth and fine. Then she fastened a roll of this cotton to the spindle and sent the wheel whirling around with a "Zum-m-m-m—Zum-m-m-m!"

Mary stood and watched the old woman.

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"Aunt Dilsey," she said, "the spinning wheel sings a song, and I know what it says. Grandmother told me. It says,

'A hum and a whirl,
A twist and a twirl,
This is for the girl
With the golden curl!
Zum-m-m-m-m-m!
Zum-m-m-m-m-m!'"

"And that means you, honey," said Aunt Dilsey.

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When the yarn was ready, Aunt Dilsey fastened it in the loom and began to weave. The threads went over and under, over and under. As Aunt Dilsey wove, she hummed. Mary stood by and sang this song,

"Over and under and over we go,
Weaving the cotton as white as the snow,
Weaving the cloth for a dress, oh, ho!
As over and under and over we go."

After the cloth had been woven, Aunt Dilsey took it out of the loom. Then she bleached it until it was as white as snow. Now it was ready to be made into a dress.

"Mother, do tell me how you are going to make the dress," said Mary. "Will it have ruffles on it like Sue's? Will it have trimming on it? And how many buttons will you put on it? Sue's dress has twelve; I know, for I counted them."

Mother did not answer all these questions; she just smiled as the scissors went snip, snip into the cloth. But she did cut out ruffles,

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and Aunt Maria began to hem them.

By and by grandmother came into the room.

"Mary," she said, "here is some lace I got in England. Mother may put it on your dress."

How happy Mary was! She danced for joy.

Mother put on the lace, and grandmother worked the buttonholes. How many do you suppose she worked? Why, she worked twelve!

When the dress was finished, it was just like Sue's. Only it was a great deal finer, for Mary's dress had three ruffles and Sue's had only two! And, then, there was the lace from England!

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THE PLAID DRESS

"I want a warm plaid dress," said a little girl. "The days are colder, and the frost will soon be here. But how can I get it? Mother says that she cannot buy one for me."

The old white sheep in the meadow heard her, and he bleated to the shepherd, "The little girl wants a warm plaid dress. I will give my wool. Who else will help?"

The kind shepherd said, "I will." Then he led the old white sheep to the brook and washed its wool. When it was clean and white, he said, "The little girl wants a warm plaid dress. The sheep has given his wool, and I have washed it clean and white. Who else will help?"

"We will," said the shearers. "We will bring our shears and cut off the wool."

The shearers cut the soft wool from the old sheep, and then they called, "The little girl wants a new dress. The sheep has given his

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wool. The shepherd has washed it; and we have sheared it. Who else will help?"

"We will," cried the carders. "We will comb it out straight and smooth."

Soon they held up the wool, carded straight and smooth, and they cried, "The little girl wants a new dress. The sheep has given his wool. The shepherd has washed the wool. The shearers have cut it, and we have carded it. Who else will help?"

"We will," said the spinners. "We will spin it into thread."

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"Whirr, whirr!" How fast the spinning wheels turned, singing all the time.

Soon the spinners said, "The little girl wants a new dress. The sheep has given his wool. The shepherd has washed the wool. The shearers have cut it. The carders have carded it, and we have spun it into thread. Who else will help?"

"We will," said the dyers. "We will dye it with beautiful colors."

Then they dipped the woven threads into bright dye, red and blue and green and brown.

As they spread the wool out to dry, the dyers called: "The little girl wants a new dress. The sheep has given his wool. The shepherd has washed the wool. The shearers have cut it. The carders have carded it. The spinners have spun it, and we have dyed it with bright beautiful colors. Who else will help?"

"We will," said the weavers. "We will make it into cloth."

"Clickety-clack! clickety-clack!" went the

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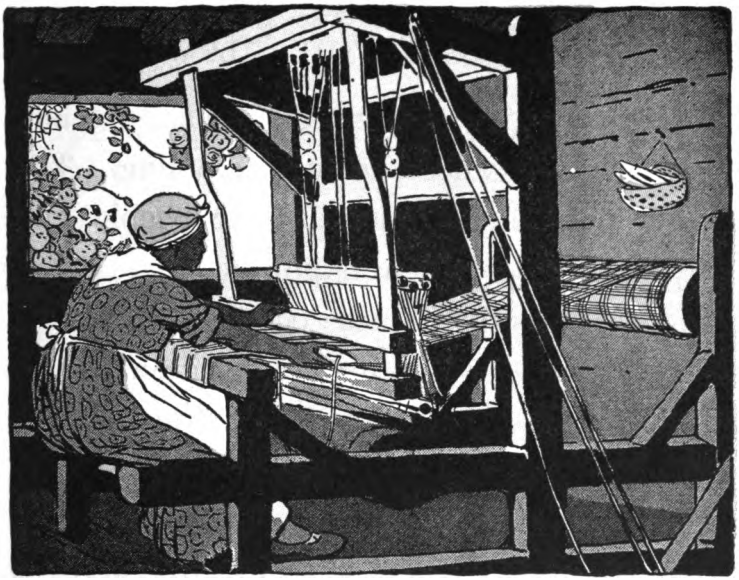

loom, as the colored thread was woven over and under, over and under. Before long it was made into beautiful plaid cloth.

Then the little girl's mother cut and made the dress. It was a beautiful plaid dress, and the little girl loved to wear it. Every time she put it on, she thought of her friends who had helped her, — the sheep, the shearers, the carders, the spinners, the dyers, the weavers, and her own dear mother.

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THE GODDESS OF THE SILKWORM

Hoangti was the emperor of China. He had a beautiful wife whose name was Si-ling. The emperor and his wife loved their people and always thought of their happiness.

In those days the Chinese people wore clothes made of skins. By and by animals grew scarce, and the people did not know what they should wear. The emperor and empress tried in vain to find some other way of clothing them.

One morning Hoangti and his wife were in the beautiful palace garden. They walked up and down, up and down, talking of their people.

Suddenly the emperor said, "Look at those worms on the mulberry trees, Si-ling. They seem to be spinning."

Si-ling looked, and sure enough, the worms were spinning. A long thread was coming from the mouth of each, and each little worm was winding this thread around its body.

Si-ling and the emperor stood still and

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watched the worms. "How wonderful!" said Si-ling.

The next morning Hoangti and the empress walked under the trees again. They found some worms still winding thread. Others had already spun their cocoons and were fast asleep. In a few days all of the worms had spun cocoons.

"This is indeed a wonderful, wonderful thing!" said Si-ling. "Why, each worm has a thread on its body long enough to make a house for itself!"

Si-ling thought of this day after day. One morning as she and the emperor walked under the trees, she said, "I believe I could find a way to weave those long threads into cloth."

"But how could you unwind the threads?" asked the emperor.

"I'll find a way," Si-ling said. And she did; but she had to try many, many times.

She put the cocoons in a hot place, and the little sleepers soon died. Then the cocoons

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were thrown into boiling water to make the threads soft. After that the long threads could be easily unwound.

Now Si-ling had to think of something else; she had to find a way to weave the threads into cloth. After many trials, she made a loom — the first that was ever made. She taught others to weave, and soon hundreds of people were making cloth from the threads of the silkworm.

The people ever afterward called Si-ling "The Goddess of the Silkworm." And whenever the emperor walked with her in the garden, they liked to watch the silkworms spinning threads for the good of their people.

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THE FLAX

I

It was spring. The flax was in full bloom, and it had dainty little blue flowers that nodded in the breeze.

"People say that I look very well," said the flax. "They say that I am fine and long and that I shall make a beautiful piece of linen. How happy I am! No one in the world can be happier."

"Oh, yes," said the fence post, "you may grow and be happy, and you may sing, but you do not know the world as I do. Why, I have knots in me." And it creaked;

"Snip, snap, snurre,
Basse, lurre,
The song is ended."

"No, it is not ended," said the flax. "The sun will shine, and the rain will fall, and I shall grow and grow. No, no, the song is not ended."

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One day some men came with sharp reap hooks. They took the flax by the head and cut it off at the roots. This was very painful, you may be sure.

Then the flax was laid in water and was nearly drowned. After that it was put on a fire and nearly roasted. All this was frightful. But the flax only said, "One cannot be happy always. By having bad times as well as good, we become wise."

After the flax had been cut and steeped and roasted, it was put on a spinning wheel. "Whir-r-r, whir-rr-r," went the spinning wheel; it went so fast that the flax could hardly think.

"I have been very happy in the sunshine and the rain," it said. "If I am in pain now, I must be contented."

At last the flax was put in the loom. Soon it became a beautiful piece of white linen.

"This is very wonderful," said the flax. "How foolish the fence post was with its song of —

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'Snip, snap, snurre,
Basse, lurre,
The song is ended.'

The song is not ended, I am sure. It has only just begun.

"After all that I have suffered, I am at last made into beautiful linen. How strong and fine I am, and how long and white! This is even better than being a plant bearing flowers. I have never been happier than I am now."

After some time the linen was cut into pieces and sewed with needles. That was not pleasant; but at last there were twelve pretty white aprons.

"See," said the flax, "I have been made into something. Now I shall be of some use in the world. That is the only way to be happy."

II

Years passed by, and the linen was so worn that it could hardly hold together.

"The end must come soon," said the flax.

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At last the linen did fall into rags and tatters; it was torn into shreds and boiled in water. The flax thought the end had come.

But no, the end was not yet. After being made into pulp and dried, the flax became beautiful white paper.

"This is a surprise, a glorious surprise," it said. "I am finer than ever, and I shall have fine things written on me. How happy I am!"

And sure enough, the most beautiful stories and verses were written upon it. People read the stories and verses, and they were made wiser and better. Their children and their children's children read them, too, and so the song was not ended.

—Hans Christian Andersen.

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THE WONDERFUL WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree —
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers
that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I hardly can think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper within me seemed to say,
"You are more than the Earth, though you are
such a dot!
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

— WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

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THE HILLMAN AND THE HOUSEWIFE

As every one knows, fairies are always just. They are kind to others, and in return they expect others to be kind to them. In some countries across the sea there are fairies called Hillmen.

Now, there once lived a certain housewife who liked to make bargains. She gave away only those things for which she had no use, and then expected always to get something in return.

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One day a Hillman knocked at her door.

"Can you lend us a saucepan?" he asked. "There's a wedding on the hill, and all the pots are in use."

"Is he to have one?" whispered the servant who opened the door.

"Aye, to be sure," answered the housewife; "one must be neighborly. Get the saucepan for him, lass."

The maid turned to take a good saucepan from the shelf, but the housewife stopped her.

"Not that, not that," she whispered. "Get the old one out of the cupboard. It leaks, but that doesn't matter. The Hillmen are so neat and are such nimble workers that they are sure to mend it before they send it home. I can oblige the fairies and save sixpence in tinkering, too."

The maid brought the old saucepan that had been laid by until the tinker's next visit, and gave it to the Hillman. He thanked her and went away.

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When the saucepan was returned, it had been neatly mended, just as the housewife thought it would be.

At night the maid filled the pan with milk and set it on the fire to heat for the children's supper. In a few moments the milk was so smoked and burnt that no one would touch it. Even the pigs refused to drink it.

"Ah, you good-for-nothing!" cried the housewife. "There's a quart of milk wasted at once."

"And that's twopence," cried a queer little voice that seemed to come from the chimney.

The housewife filled the saucepan again and set it over the fire. It had not been there more than two minutes before it boiled over and was burnt and smoked as before.

"The pan must be dirty," muttered the woman, who was very much vexed. "Two full quarts of milk have been wasted."

"And that's fourpence!" added the queer little voice from the chimney.

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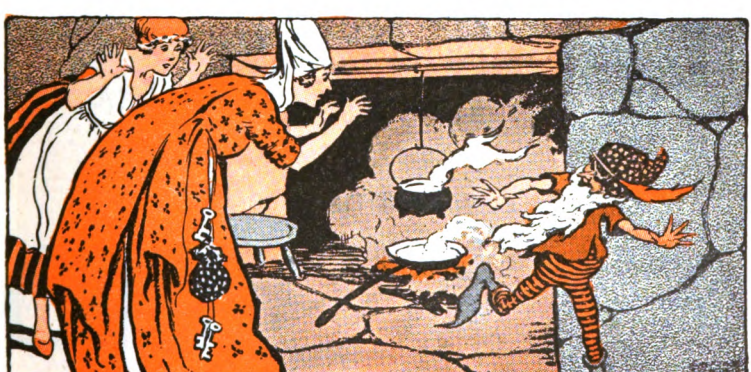
The saucepan was scoured; then it was filled with milk the third time and set over the fire. Again the milk boiled over and was spoiled.

Now the housewife was quite vexed. "I have never had anything like this to happen since I first kept house," she exclaimed. "Three quarts of milk wasted!"

"And that's sixpence," cried the queer little voice from the chimney. "You didn't save the tinkering after all, mother!"

With that the Hillman himself came tumbling from the chimney and ran off laughing. But from that time, the saucepan was as good as any other.

— JULIANA H. EWING.



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THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE

Under a toad stool
  Crept a wee Elf,
Out of the rain
  To shelter himself.

Under the toad stool
  Sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse
  All in a heap.

Trembled the wee Elf
  Frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away
  Lest he get wet.

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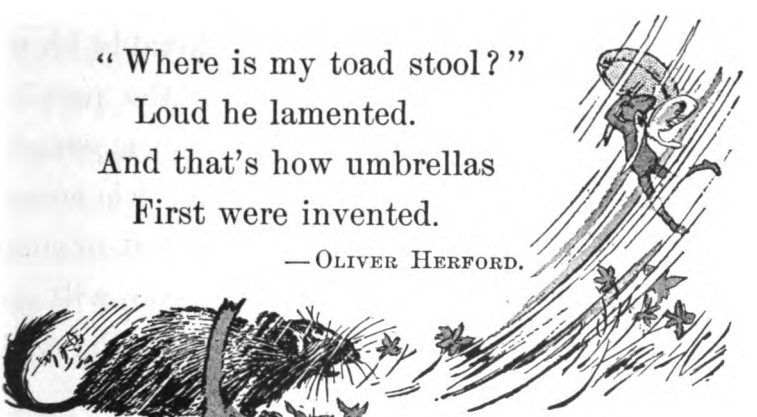
To the next shelter —
Maybe a mile!
Sudden the wee Elf
Smiled a wee smile;

Tugged till the toad stool
Toppled in two;
Holding it over him,
Gayly he flew.

Soon he was safe home,
Dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse —
"Good gracious me!

"Where is my toad stool?"
Loud he lamented.
And that's how umbrellas
First were invented.

— Oliver Herford.



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THE BELL OF ATRI

I

Good King John of Atri loved his people very much and wished to see them happy. He knew, however, that some were not; he knew that many suffered wrongs which were not righted. This made him sad.

One day the king thought of a way to help his people. He had a great bell hung in a tower in the market place. He had the rope made so long that a child could reach it.

Then the king sent heralds through the streets to tell the people why he had put the bell in the market place. The heralds blew their trumpets long and loud, and the people came from their homes to hear the message.

"Know ye," cried a herald, "that whenever a wrong is done to any man, he has but to ring the great bell in the square. A judge will go to the tower to hear the complaint, and he will see that justice is done."

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"Long live our good king!" shouted the people. "Now our wrongs shall be righted."

And so it was. Whenever anyone was wronged, he rang the bell in the tower. The judge put on his rich robes and went there. He listened to the complaint, and the guilty were punished.

The people in Atri were now very happy, and the days went swiftly by. The bell hung in its place year after year, and it was rung many times. By and by the rope became so worn that one could scarcely reach it.

The king said, "Why, a child could not reach the rope now, and a wrong might not be righted. I must put in a new one."

So he ordered a rope from a distant town. In those days it took a long time to travel from one town to another. What should they do if somebody wished to ring the bell before the new rope came?

"We must mend the rope in some way," said a man.

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"Here," said another; "take this piece of grapevine and fasten it to the rope. Then it will be long enough for any one to reach."

This was done, and for some time the bell was rung in that way.

II

One hot summer noon everything was very still. All the people were indoors taking their noonday rest.

Suddenly they were awakened by the arousing bell:

Some one — hath done — a wrong,
Hath done — a wrong!
Hath done — a wrong!

The judge started from a deep sleep, turned on his couch, and listened. Could it be the bell of justice?

Again the sound came:

Some one — hath done — a wrong!
Hath done — a wrong!
Hath done — a wrong!

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It was the bell of justice. The judge put on his rich robes and, panting, hurried to the market place.

There he saw a strange sight: a poor steed, starved and thin, tugging at the vines which were fastened to the bell. A great crowd had gathered around.

"Whose horse is this?" the judge asked.

"It is the horse of the rich soldier who lives in the castle," said a man. "He has served his master long and well, and has saved his life many times. Now that the horse is too old to work, the master turns him out. He wanders through the lanes and fields, picking up such food as can be found."

"His call for justice shall be heard," said the judge. "Bring the soldier to me."

The soldier tried to treat the matter as a jest. Then he grew angry and said in an undertone, "One can surely do what he pleases with his own."

"For shame!" cried the judge. "Has the

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horse not served you for many years? And has he not saved your life? You must build a good shelter for him, and give him the best grain and the best pasture. Take the horse home and be as true to him as he has been to you."

The soldier hung his head in shame and led the horse away. The people shouted and applauded.

"Great is King John," they cried, "and great the bell of Atri!"

— ITALIAN TALE.

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A DUMB WITNESS

One day at noontime a poor man was riding along a road. He was tired and hungry, and wished to stop and rest. Finding a tree with low branches, he tied his horse to one of them. Then he sat down to eat his dinner.

Soon a rich man came along and started to tie his horse to the same tree.

"Do not fasten your horse to that tree," cried the poor man. "My horse is savage and he may kill yours. Fasten him to another tree."

"I shall tie my horse where I wish," the rich man replied; and he tied his horse to the same tree. Then he, too, sat down to eat.

Very soon the men heard a great noise. They looked up and saw that their horses were kicking and fighting. Both men rushed to stop them, but it was too late; the rich man's horse was dead.

"See what your horse has done!" cried the

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rich man in an angry voice. "But you shall pay for it! You shall pay for it!"

Then he dragged the man before a judge.

"Oh, wise judge," he cried, "I have come to you for justice. I had a beautiful, kind, gentle horse which has been killed by this man's savage horse. Make the man pay for the horse or send him to prison."

"Not so fast, my friend," the judge said. "There are two sides to every case."

He turned to the poor man. "Did your horse kill this man's horse?" he asked.

The poor man made no reply.

The judge asked in surprise, "Are you dumb? Can you not talk?"

But no word came from the poor man's lips.

Then the judge turned to the rich man.

"What more can I do?" he asked. "You see for yourself this poor man cannot speak."

"Oh, but he can," cried the rich man. "He spoke to me."

"Indeed!" said the judge. "When?"

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"He spoke to me when I tied my horse to the tree."

"What did he say?" asked the judge.

"He said, 'Do not fasten your horse to that tree. My horse is savage and may kill yours.'"

"O ho!" said the judge. "This poor man warned you that his horse was savage, and you tied your horse near his after the warning. This puts a new light on the matter. You are to blame, not he."

The judge turned to the poor man and said, "My man, why did you not answer my questions?"

"Oh, wise judge," said the poor man, "if I had told you that I warned him not to tie his horse near mine, he would have denied it. Then how could you have told which one of us to believe? I let him tell his own story, and you have learned the truth."

This speech pleased the judge. He praised the poor man for his wisdom, and sent the rich man away without a penny. — ARABIAN TALE.

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GIVING THANKS

For the hay and the corn and the wheat that is
reaped,
For the labor well done, and the barns that are
heaped,
For the sun and the dew and the sweet honey-
comb,
For the rose and the song, and the harvest
brought home —
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

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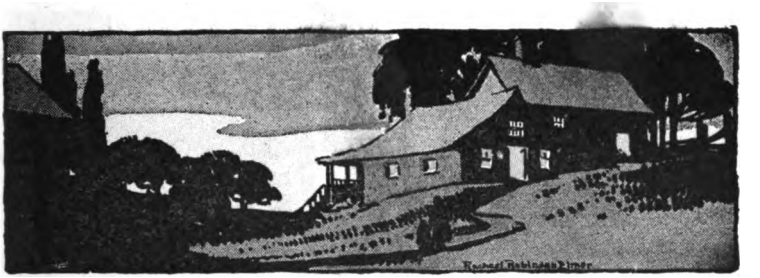

For the trade and the skill and the wealth in
our land,
For the cunning and strength of the working-
man's hand,
For the good that our artists and poets have
taught,
For the friendship that hope and affection have
brought —
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the homes that with purest affection are
blest,
For the season of plenty and well-deserved rest,
For our country extending from sea to sea,
The land that is known as "The Land of the
Free" —
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

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THE HARE AND THE HEDGEHOG

I

PLACE: A farmer's cabbage field.

TIME: A fine morning in spring.

(The hedgehog is standing by his door looking at the cabbage field which he thinks is his own.)

HEDGEHOG: Wife, have you dressed the children yet?

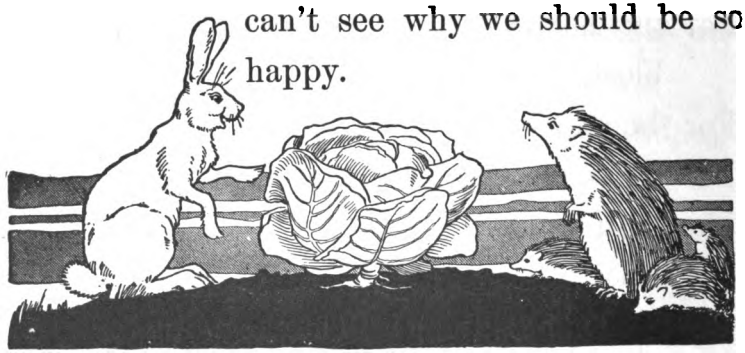
WIFE: Just through, my dear.

HEDGEHOG: Well, come out here and let us look at our cabbage patch.

(Wife comes out.)

HEDGEHOG: Fine crop, isn't it? We should be happy.

WIFE: The cabbage is fine enough, but I can't see why we should be so happy.



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HEDGEHOG: Why, my dear, there are tears in your voice. What is the matter?

WIFE: I suppose I ought not to mind it, but those dreadful hares nearly worry the life out of me.

HEDGEHOG: What are they doing now?

WIFE: Doing? What are they not doing? Why, yesterday I brought my pretty babies out here to get some cabbage leaves. We were eating as well-behaved hedgehogs always eat, and those horrid hares almost made us cry.

HEDGEHOG: What did they do?

WIFE: They came to our cabbage patch and they giggled and said, "Oh, see the little duck-legged things! Aren't they funny?" Then one jumped over a cabbage just to hurt our feelings.

HEDGEHOG: Well, they are mean, I know, but we won't notice them. I'll get

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even with them one of these days. Ah, there comes one of them now.

WIFE: Yes, and he laughed at me yesterday. He said, "Good-morning, Madam Shortlegs." I won't speak to him. I'll hide till he goes by.

(Wife hides behind a cabbage.)

HEDGEHOG: Good-morning, sir.

HARE: Are you speaking to me?

HEDGEHOG: Certainly; do you see any one else around?

HARE: How dare you speak to me?

HEDGEHOG: Oh, just to be neighborly.

HARE: I shall ask you not to speak to me hereafter. I think myself too good to notice hedgehogs.

HEDGEHOG: Now, that is strange.

HARE: What is strange?

HEDGEHOG: Why, I have just said to my wife that we wouldn't notice you.

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HARE: Wouldn't notice me, indeed, you silly, short-legged, duck-legged thing!

HEDGEHOG: Well, my legs are quite as good as yours, sir.

HARE: As good as mine! Who ever heard of such a thing? Why, you can do little more than crawl.

HEDGEHOG: That may be as you say, but I'll run a race with you any day.

HARE: Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! A race with a hedgehog! Well, well, well!

HEDGEHOG: Are you afraid to run with me?

HARE: Of course not. It will be no race at all, but I'll run just to show you how silly you are.

HEDGEHOG: Good! You run in that furrow; I will run in this. We shall see who gets to the fence first. Let's start from the far end of the furrow.

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HARE: I will run to the brook and back while you are getting there. Go ahead.

HEDGEHOG: I wouldn't stay too long if I were you.

HARE: Oh, I'll be back before you reach the end of the furrow.

(The hare runs off to the brook.)

II

HEDGEHOG: Wife, wife, did you hear what I said to the hare?

WIFE: Did I hear? I should say I did. What are you thinking of? Have you lost your senses?

HEDGEHOG: You shouldn't speak that way to me. What do you know about a man's business? Come here and let me whisper something to you.

(He whispers and then walks to far end of the furrow. His wife laughs.)

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WIFE: Ha, ha! I see. I see. Nothing wrong with your brains.
"Short legs, long wit,
Long legs, not a bit,"
as my grandmother used to say.
The hare will find that out today.

(She stoops down in the near end of the furrow. The hare returns and takes his place.)

HARE: Well, are you ready?

HEDGEHOG: Of course I am, — ready and waiting.

HARE: One for the money,
Two for the show,
Three to make ready,
And here we go!

(The hare runs as swiftly as the wind. The hedgehog starts with him, but stops and stoops low in the furrow. When the hare reaches the other end, the hedgehog's wife puts up her head.)

WIFE: Well, here I am.

HARE: What does this mean?

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WIFE: It means what it means.

HARE: We'll try again. Are you ready?

WIFE: Of course I am.

HARE: One for the money,
Two for the show,
Three to make ready,
And here we go!

(The hare runs swiftly back again. Wife starts, but stops and stoops low. The hare reaches the other end. The hedgehog puts up his head.)

HEDGEHOG: Here I am.

HARE: I can't understand this.

HEDGEHOG: It is very clear to me.

HARE: Well, we'll try again. Are you ready?

HEDGEHOG: I'm always ready.

HARE: One for the money,
Two for the show,
Three to make ready,
And here we go!

(Again the wife puts up her head and the hare is bewildered.)

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WIFE: You see I am here.

HARE: I just can't believe it.

WIFE: A perfectly simple thing.

HARE: We'll try once more. You can't beat me another time.

WIFE: Don't boast. You had better save your breath for the race; you will need it.

HARE: One for the money,
Two for the show,
Three to make ready,
And here we go!

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(When the hare reaches the other end of the field, the hedgehog puts up his head.)

HARE: This is very strange.

HEDGEHOG: Shall we run again? You seem a little tired, but I am perfectly fresh.

HARE (*panting*): No, no! The race is yours.

HEDGEHOG: Will you call my wife and children names any more?

HARE: No, no! I'll never do that again.

HEDGEHOG: Very well. And if you wish a race at any time, friend hare, just call by for me.

HARE (*walking off shaking his head*): It's very strange. I hope none of the other hares will hear of this race.

WIFE (*as she meets the hedgehog*): I thought I should hurt myself laughing.
As my grandmother used to say,

"Short legs, long wit,
Long legs, not a bit."

—GRIMM.

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Epaminondas had a good kind granny, who cooked at "the big house." Epaminondas liked to go to see her, for she always gave him something to take home with him.

One day when Epaminondas went to see granny, she was baking a cake, and she gave Epaminondas a piece to eat. As he was leaving, granny said, "Epaminondas, you may take a slice home to your mammy."

Epaminondas took it in his little hands and squeezing it just as tight as he could, ran all the way home. When his mammy saw him, she said, "What's that, Epaminondas?"

"Cake, mammy. Granny sent it to you."

"Cake!" cried his mammy. "Epaminondas, don't you know that's no way to carry cake? When your granny gives you cake, put it in your hat; then put your hat on your head and come home. You hear me, Epaminondas?"

"Yes, mammy."

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The next time Epaminondas went to see his granny, she was churning, and she gave him a pat of fresh butter to carry to his mammy.

Epaminondas said to himself, "What was it mammy said? Oh, yes! I know. She said, 'Put it in your hat and put the hat on your head and come home.' I'll do just what she told me."

Epaminondas put the pat of butter in his hat, put his hat on his head, and went home.

It was a hot day, and soon the butter began to melt. Drip, drip, drip, it went into his ears. Drip, drip, drip, it went into his eyes. Drip, drip, drip, it went down his back. When Epaminondas reached home, he had no butter in his hat. It was all on him.

Looking at him hard, his mammy said, "Epaminondas, what in the world is that dripping from your hat?"

"Butter, mammy. Granny sent it to you."

"Butter!" cried his mammy. "Oh, Epaminondas! Don't you know how to carry butter?

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You must wrap it in a cabbage leaf, and take it to the spring. Then you must cool it in the water, and cool it in the water, and cool it in the water. When you have done this, take the butter in your hands and come home. You hear me, Epaminondas?"

"Yes, mammy."

The next time Epaminondas went to see his granny, she wasn't baking cake and she wasn't churning. She was sitting in a chair knitting.

She said, "Epaminondas, look in the wood shed, and you'll see something you like"

Epaminondas looked in the woodshed, and there he found four little puppies. He played with them all the afternoon, and when he started home, his granny gave him one.

Epaminondas remembered what his mammy had told him. He wrapped the puppy in a big cabbage leaf, and took it to the spring. He cooled it in the water, and cooled it in the water, and cooled it in the water. Then he took it in his hands, and went home.

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When his mammy saw him, she said, "Epaminondas, what is that in your hands?"

"A puppy dog, mammy."

"A puppy dog!" cried his mammy. "Oh, Epaminondas! What makes you act so foolish? That's no way to carry a puppy. The way to carry a puppy is to tie a string around his neck and put him on the ground. Then you take the other end of the string in your hand and come along home. You hear me, Epaminondas?"

"Yes, mammy."

Epaminondas was going to be right the next time; he got a piece of string and put it in his pocket to have it ready.

The next day company came to see Epaminondas's mammy, and she had no bread for dinner. She called Epaminondas and said, "Run to 'the big house' and ask your granny to send me a loaf of bread for dinner."

"Yes, mammy," said Epaminondas. And off he ran.

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Granny gave him a loaf just from the oven — a nice, brown, crusty loaf. This time Epaminondas was certainly going to do what mammy had told him.

He proudly got out his string and tied it to the loaf. Then he put the loaf on the ground, and taking the other end of the string in his hand, he went along home.

When he reached home, his mammy gave one look at the thing tied to the end of the string.

"What have you brought, Epaminondas?" she cried.

"Bread, mammy. Granny sent it to you."

"Oh, Epaminondas! Epaminondas! How could you be so foolish?" cried his mammy. "Now I have no bread for dinner. I'll have to go and get some myself."

She went into the house and got her bonnet. When she came out, she said, "Epaminondas, do you see those three mince pies I've put on the doorstep to cool. Well, now, you hear

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me, Epaminondas. You be careful how you step on those pies!"

"Yes, mammy."

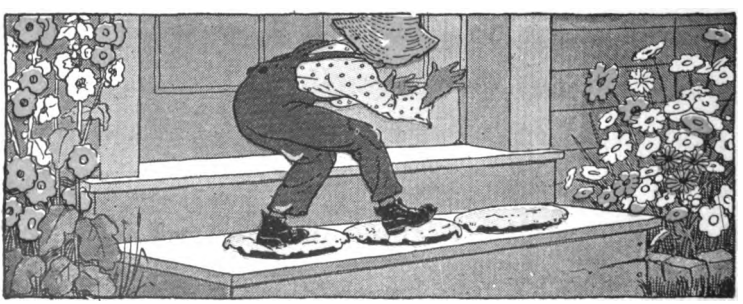
His mammy went off down the road; Epaminondas went to the door and looked out. "Mammy told me to be careful how I step on those mince pies," he said, "so I must be careful how I do it. I'll step right in the middle of every one."

And he did!

When his mammy came home, there were no pies for dinner.

Now she was angry all over, and something happened. I don't know, and you don't know, but we can guess.

Poor Epaminondas! —SOUTHERN TALE.



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HOW BROTHER RABBIT FOOLED THE WHALE AND THE ELEPHANT

I

One day Brother Rabbit was running along on the sand, lippety, lippety, lippety. He was going to a fine cabbage field. On the way he saw the whale and the elephant talking together.

Brother Rabbit said, "I'd like to know what they are talking about." So he crouched down behind some bushes and listened.

This is what Brother Rabbit heard the whale say:

"You are the biggest thing on the land, Brother Elephant, and I am the biggest thing in the sea. If we work together, we can rule all the animals in the world. We can have our own way about everything."

"Very good, very good," trumpeted the elephant. "That suits me. You keep the sea, and I will keep the land."

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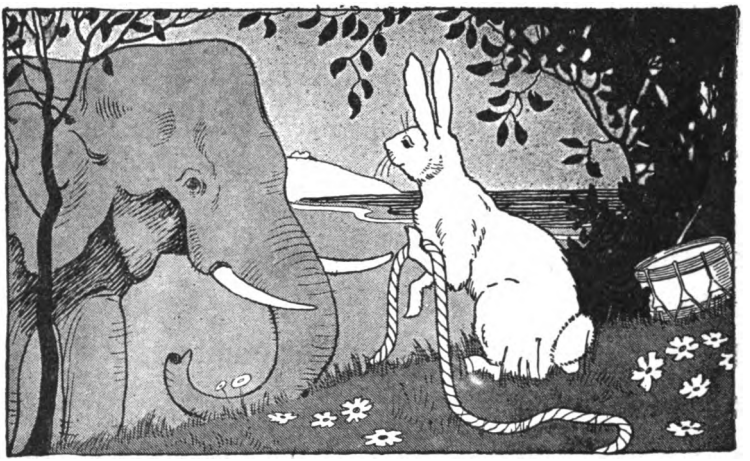

"That's a bargain," said the whale, as he swam away.

Brother Rabbit laughed to himself. "They won't rule me," he said, as he ran off.

Brother Rabbit soon came back with a very long and a very strong rope and his big drum. He hid the drum in some bushes. Then taking one end of the rope, he walked up to the elephant.

"Oh, dear Mr. Elephant," he said, "you are big and strong; will you have the kindness to do me a favor?"

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The elephant was pleased, and he trumpeted, "Certainly, certainly. What is it?"

"My cow is stuck in the mud on the shore, and I can't pull her out," said Brother Rabbit. "If you will help me, you will do me a great service. You are so strong, I am sure you can get her out."

"Certainly, certainly," trumpeted the elephant.

"Thank you," said the rabbit. "Take this rope in your trunk, and I will tie the other end to my cow. Then I will beat my drum to let you know when to pull. You must pull as hard as you can, for the cow is very heavy."

"Huh!" trumpeted the elephant, "I'll pull her out, or break the rope."

Brother Rabbit tied the rope to the elephant's trunk and ran off, lippety, lippety.

II

He ran till he came to the shore where the whale was. Making a bow, Brother Rabbit said,

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"O, mighty and wonderful Whale, will you do me a favor?"

"What is it?" asked the whale.

"My cow is stuck in the mud on the shore," said Brother Rabbit, "and I cannot pull her out. Of course you can do it. If you will be so kind as to help me, I shall be very much obliged."

"Certainly," said the whale, "certainly."

"Thank you," said Brother Rabbit, "take hold of this rope, and I will tie the other end to my cow. Then I will beat my big drum to let you know when to pull. You must pull as hard as you can, for my cow is very heavy."

"Never fear," said the whale, "I could pull a dozen cows out of the mud."

"I am sure you could," said the rabbit politely. "Only be sure to begin gently. Then pull harder and harder till you get her out."

The rabbit ran away into the bushes where he had hidden the drum and began to beat it.

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Then the whale began to pull and the elephant began to pull. In a minute the rope tightened till it was stretched as hard as a bar of iron.

"This is a very heavy cow," said the elephant, "but I'll pull her out." Bracing his fore feet in the earth, he gave a tremendous pull.

But the whale had no way to brace himself.

"Dear me," he said. "That cow must surely be stuck tight." Lashing his tail in the water, he gave a marvelous pull.

He pulled harder; the elephant pulled harder. Soon the whale found himself sliding toward the land. He was so provoked with the cow that he went head first, down to the bottom of the sea.

That was a pull! The elephant was jerked off his feet, and came slipping and sliding toward the sea. He was very angry.

"That cow must be very strong to drag me in this way," he said. "I will brace myself."

Kneeling down on the ground, he twisted

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the rope around his trunk. Then he began to pull his very best, and soon the whale came up out of the water.

Then each saw that the other had hold of the rope.

"How is this?" cried the whale. "I thought I was pulling Brother Rabbit's cow."

"That is what I thought," said the elephant. "Brother Rabbit is making fun of us. He must pay for this. I forbid him to eat a blade of grass on land, because he played a trick on us."

"And I will not allow him to drink a drop of water in the sea," said the whale.

But Little Rabbit sat in the bushes and laughed, and laughed, and laughed.

"Much do I care," he said. "I can get all the green things I want, and I don't like salt water."

— Southern Folk Tale.

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A CHRISTMAS WISH

I'd like a stocking made for a giant,
And a meeting house full of toys;
Then I'd go out on a happy hunt
For the poor little girls and boys;
Up the street and down the street,
And across and over the town,
I'd search and find them every one,
Before the sun went down.

One would want a new jack-knife
Sharp enough to cut;

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One would long for a doll with hair,
And eyes that open and shut;
One would ask for a china set
With dishes all to her mind;
One would wish a Noah's ark
With beasts of every kind.

Some would like a doll cook-stove
And a little toy wash tub;
Some would prefer a little drum,
For a noisy rub-a-dub;
Some would wish for a story book,
And some for a set of blocks;
Some would be wild with happiness
Over a new tool-box.

And some would rather have little shoes,
And other things warm to wear,
For many children are very poor,
And the winter is hard to bear;
I'd buy soft flannels for little frocks,
And a thousand stockings or so,

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And the jolliest little coats and cloaks,
To keep out the frost and snow.

I'd load a wagon with caramels
And candy of every kind,
And buy all the almond and pecan nuts
And taffy that I could find;
And barrels and barrels of oranges
I'd scatter right in the way,
So the children would find them the very first thing,
When they wake on Christmas day.

—Eugene Field.

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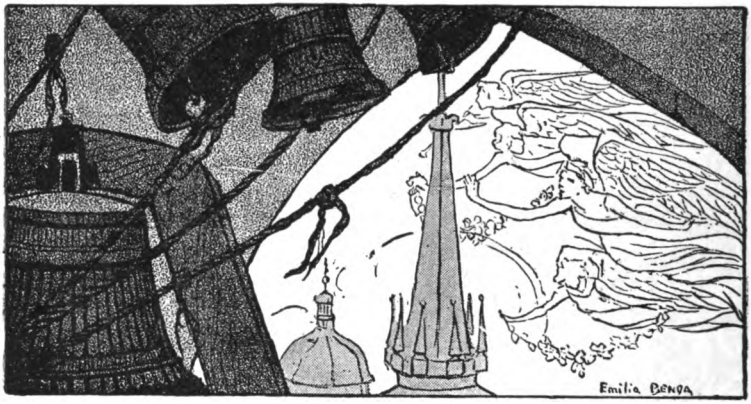

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS

I

Long, long ago, in a far away city, there was a large church. The tower of this church was so high that it seemed to touch the clouds, and in the high tower there were three wonderful bells. When they rang, they made sweet music.

There was something strange about these bells. They were never heard to ring except on Christmas eve, and no one knew who rang them. Some people thought it was the wind blowing through the tower. Others thought the angels rang them when a gift pleased the Christ Child.

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Although the people did not know what rang the bells, they loved to hear them. They would come from miles around to listen to the wonderful music. When they had heard the bells, they would go out of the church, silent but happy. Then all would go back to their homes feeling that Christmas had come, indeed.

One Christmas eve the people in the church waited and waited, but the bells did not ring. Silently and sadly they went home. Christmas after Christmas came and went. Nearly one hundred years passed by, and in all that time the bells did not ring.

People sometimes asked one another, "Do you suppose the bells ever did ring?"

"Yes," said one very old man. "I have often heard my father tell how beautifully they rang on Christmas eve. There was more love in the world then."

Every Christmas eve the church was filled with people who waited and listened. They hoped that the bells would ring again as they

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had rung long ago. Though many gifts were laid on the altar, still the bells did not ring.

II

Christmas was near at hand again, and every one was happy.

Not far from the city two little brothers lived on a farm — Pedro and Little Brother.

Their father was poor and had no gift to lay on the altar. But Pedro had saved all his earnings, and he had one shining silver piece. His father had promised the little boys that they might go to the church on Christmas eve and take the gift.

It was quite dark when the lads started on their way to the city. The snow was falling fast, but they buttoned their little jackets close about them and walked along briskly. They were not far from the church when they heard a low whine of distress. Little Brother, clinging to Pedro in fear, cried, "What is it, Pedro, what is it?"

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Pedro ran across the street, and there under a small heap of snow, what do you think he found? A little black and white dog, shivering with cold, and nearly starved. Pedro opened his jacket, and put the dog inside to keep it warm.

"You will have to go to the church alone, Little Brother," Pedro said. "I must take this little dog back to the farm, and give it food, else it will die."

"But I don't want to go alone, Pedro," said Little Brother.

"Won't you please go and put my gift on the altar, Little Brother? I wish so much to have it there to-night."

"Yes, Pedro, I will," said Little Brother.

He took the gift and started toward the church. Pedro turned and went home.

When Little Brother came to the great stone church and looked up at the high tower, he felt that he could not go in alone. He stood outside a long time watching the people as

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they passed in. At last he entered quietly and took a seat in a corner.

III

When Little Brother went into the church, all the people were seated. They sat quietly hoping that at last the bells would ring again as in the days of old.

The organ pealed out a Christmas hymn. The choir and the people arose, and all sang the grand old anthem. Then a solemn voice said, "Bring now your gifts to the altar."

The king arose and went forward with stately tread. Bowing before the altar, he laid upon it his golden crown. Then he walked proudly back to his seat. All the people listened, but the bells did not ring.

Then the queen arose and with haughty step walked to the front. She took from her neck and wrists her beautiful jewels and laid them upon the altar. All the people listened, but the bells did not ring.

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Then the soldiers came marching proudly forward. They took their jeweled swords from their belts and laid them upon the altar. All the people listened, but the bells did not ring.

Then the rich men came hurrying forward. They counted great sums of gold and laid them in a businesslike way upon the altar. All the people listened, but the bells did not ring.

"Can I go all alone to the front of the church and lay this small gift on the altar?" said Little Brother. "Oh, how can I? how can I?"

Then he said, "But I told Pedro I would, and I must."

So he slipped slowly around by the outer aisle. He crept quietly up to the altar and softly laid the silver piece upon the very edge.

And listen! What do you think was heard? The bells, the bells!

Oh, how happy the people were! And how happy Little Brother was! He ran out of the church and down the road toward the farm.

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Pedro had warmed the dog and fed it, and was now on the way to the city. He hoped that he might see the people come out of the church.

Down the road Little Brother came running. Throwing himself into Pedro's arms, he cried, "Oh, Pedro, Pedro! The bells, the bells! I wish you could have heard them; and they rang when I laid your gift on the altar."

"I did hear them, Little Brother," said Pedro. "Their sound came to me over the snow, — the sweetest music I ever heard."

Long years after, when Pedro grew to be a man, he was a great musician. Many, many people came to hear him play.

Some one said to him one day, "How can you play so sweetly? I never heard such music before."

"Ah," said Pedro, "but you never heard the Christmas bells as I heard them that Christmas night years and years ago."

— Old Tale Retold.

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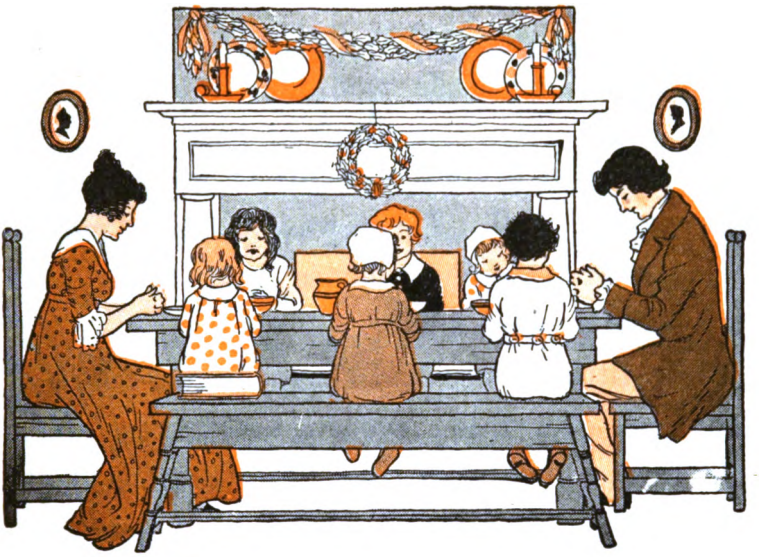

GOD BLESS THE MASTER OF THIS HOUSE

God bless the master of this house,
  The mistress, also,
And all the little children
  That round the table go:
And all your kin and kinsfolk,
  That dwell both far and near;
I wish you a merry Christmas
  And a happy new year.

—Old English Rime.

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SQUEAKY AND THE SCARE BOX

I

Once upon a time a family of mice lived in the pantry wall. There was a father mouse, there was a mother mouse, and there were three little baby mice.

One little mouse had sharp bright eyes and could see everything, even in the darkest holes. He was called Sharpeyes. His brother could sniff and smell anything, wherever it might be hidden, and he was called Sniffy. The baby mouse had such a squeaky little voice that he was called Squeaky. He was always singing, "Ee-ee-ee!"

Mother mouse was very wise, and she had taught her babies to run and hide when they saw the old cat coming. She had also taught them not to go near a trap. The little mice obeyed their mother, and they were happy in their home in the pantry wall.

They had many good times together. I could

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not tell you about all of these, but I am going to tell you about their Christmas party and what happened to Squeaky.

It was the night before Christmas. The stockings hung by the chimney, and the tall tree was standing in the parlor. The children were asleep, and the father and mother had gone upstairs to bed.

In the pantry wall, the little mice were all wide-awake.

"Ee-ee-ee!" squeaked Squeaky; "why can't we creep into the big room and see the tall Christmas tree? The children have talked about it for days, and we have never seen one. Mother, please let us go and see it."

"Yes," said Sniffy, "do let us go. Everything smells so good. The children and the cook made long strings of pop corn to-day. I found a little on the pantry floor, and I want some more."

"I peeped out of our hole," said Sharpeyes, "and I saw cake and candy all ready for the

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children. Oh, I do want a bite of those good things! Please let us have a Christmas party."

"Well," said mother mouse, "I will ask your father. If he says it is safe, we will go."

When mother mouse asked father mouse, he said, "I will go out first and look all about. If it is safe, I will come back for you."

So father mouse crept softly through the pantry, down the long hall, and into the parlor. The cat was nowhere to be seen. Father mouse ran back to the pantry and cried, "The cat is not near; come and see the tree."

II

Then all the mice came scampering from the hole in the wall. They crept through the pantry, down the long hall, and into the parlor. When they saw the tall Christmas tree, they squeaked again and again in their joy. Then they ran around and around the tree to see what was on it.

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On the floor they saw a wonderful doll's house. "How fine it would be to live there!" they squeaked.

They ran up and down the stairs, sat on the chairs, and lay down in the beds. Oh, they had a merry time!

Then Sniffy said, "I smell that good pop corn again. Let's climb up into the Christmas tree and get some."

They climbed up into the tree. They nib-

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bled the pop corn; they nibbled the candy; they nibbled the nuts; and they nibbled the cakes.

Soon Sharpeyes cried out, "Come here, I see a mouse! I see a mouse! But he doesn't look like our family at all."

"I should say not," sniffed Sniffy; "and how good he smells!"

"Why, he is good to eat!" squeaked Squeaky; and they all began to eat the chocolate mouse.

Then they found another candy mouse — a pretty pink one. They were so busy eating it that they forgot to watch and listen; then — bang! The door was opened, and the lights were turned on.

With a squeak, the mice scampered down from the tree; then they ran along the hall, through the pantry, and back to their home. There was the father mouse, and the mother mouse, and Sharpeyes, and Sniffy. But where was Squeaky?

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III

Now, as Squeaky tried to run down the tree, he fell heels over head. Down, down, down, he fell until he was caught in a funny box. An ugly man with black hair and black whiskers seemed to be hopping out of the box.

When Squeaky saw the lights turned on, he hid under the dress of this queer man. He lay very, very still, for he had been taught to be still when danger was near. He heard voices. The father and mother had come back.

"Yes," the father was saying; "it would have been a shame to forget this train. I would like it to come right out from under the tree. Help me put the track down, mother."

When the train was just where it should be, the mother turned to the beautiful tree.

"Why, look at that Jack-in-the-box," she said. "The man is hanging out. That will never do. I will shut the box. Teddy must see the man jump out."

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The mother pushed the man with the black hair down, down, into the box and shut the lid. Poor Squeaky felt the springs close down on him and squeaked, "Ee-ee-"

"That was a fine squeak," said the father. "The toys are wonderful these days."

"Yes," said the mother, as she turned off the light. "When I was a child, we did not have such toys."

"I am in a trap," said poor Squeaky, "but there isn't even a bit of cheese in it. I wonder what kind of trap it is; nothing seems to hurt me. Well, I am safe for a while, and I hope I shall soon get out."

Squeaky lay in the box all night, and wondered what Sniffy and Sharpeyes were doing. The next morning, he heard children calling, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" And soon the toys were taken down, one by one. Then such a noise was heard — drums beating, horns tooting, children shouting. You should have heard it.

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"See our new doll's house!" cried one child.

"See my new train! How fast it goes!" cried another.

"And see my beautiful dolly!" cried another. "She can open and shut her eyes."

By and by the mother took the box from the tree. "Come here, Teddy," she said. "Here is a scare box. We will have some fun. Watch me open the lid."

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Teddy stood by his mother and watched closely.

"Are you ready?" asked his mother. "Well, let us count. One, two, three!"

The lid flew open, and out jumped the man with the black hair and black whiskers. And with a squeak of joy, out jumped the mouse.

"Ee-ee-ee!" he cried, as he ran away.

"Ee!" said the Jack-in-the-box.

"Whee-ee-ee!" cried the boy with delight.

"Oh, — a mouse! a mouse!" cried the mother. Then she threw the box on the floor and jumped up on her chair.

"Where? where?" cried all the children.

But they saw only the tip of Squeaky's tail as he ran across the hall to the pantry. Another moment and he was safe in the hole in the pantry wall.

The children's father laughed as he helped their mother climb down from the chair.

"Well," he said, "how did *you* enjoy Teddy's scare box?"

— Georgene Faulkner.

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THE GLAD NEW YEAR

It's coming, boys,
It's almost here.
It's coming, girls,
The grand New Year.

A year to be glad in,
Not to be sad in;
A year to live in,
To gain and give in.

A year for trying,
And not for sighing;
A year for striving
And healthy thriving.

It's coming, boys,
It's almost here.
It's coming, girls,
The grand New Year.

—MARY MAPES DODGE.

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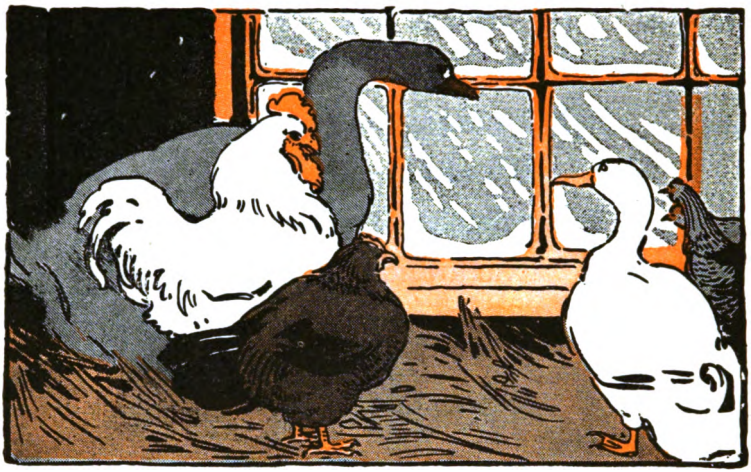

MAKING THE BEST OF IT

"What a dreary day it is!" grumbled the old gray goose to the brown hen. They were standing at the henhouse window watching the falling snow which covered every nook and corner of the farmyard.

"Yes, indeed," said the brown hen. "I should almost be willing to be made into a chicken pie on such a day."

She had scarcely stopped talking when Pekin duck said fretfully, "I am so hungry that I am almost starved."

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A little flock of chickens all huddled together wailed in sad tones, "And we are so thirsty!"

In fact, all the feathered folk in the henhouse seemed cross and fretful. It is no wonder they felt that way, for they had had nothing to eat or drink since early in the morning. The cold wind howled around their house. Hour after hour went by, but no one came near the henhouse.

The handsome white rooster, however, seemed as happy as usual. That is saying a great deal, for a jollier old fellow than he never lived in a farmyard. Sunshine, rain, or snow were all the same to him, and he crowed quite as merrily in stormy weather as in fair.

"Well," he said, laughing, as he looked about the henhouse, "you all seem to be having a fit of dumps."

Nobody answered the white rooster, but a faint cluck or two came from some of the hens. They immediately put their heads back under

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their wings, however, as if ashamed of having spoken at all.

This was too much for the white rooster. He stood first on one yellow foot and then on the other. Turning his head from side to side, he said, "What's the use of looking so sad? Any one would think that you expected to be eaten by a band of hungry foxes."

Just then a brave little white bantam rooster hopped down from his perch. He strutted over to the big rooster and caused quite a flutter in the henhouse by saying:

"We're lively enough when our crops are full, but when we are starving, it is a wonder that we can hold our heads up at all. If I ever see that farmer's boy again, I'll — I'll — I'll peck his foot!"

"You won't see him until he feeds us," said the white rooster, "and then I guess you will peck his corn."

"Oh, oh!" moaned the brown hen. "Don't speak of a peck of corn."

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"Madam," said the white rooster, bowing very low, "your trouble is my own, — that is, I'm hungry, too. But we might be worse off. We might be in a box on our way to market. It is true that we haven't had anything to eat to-day, but we at least have room enough to stretch our wings."

"Why, that is a fact," clucked the brown hen. And all the feathered family — even the smallest chickens — stretched their wings, and looked a little more cheerful.

"Now, then," went on the rooster, "suppose we have a little music to cheer us and help pass the hours until roosting time. Let us all crow. There, I beg your pardon, ladies; I am sorry you can't crow. Let us sing a happy song. Will you be kind enough to start a merry tune, Mrs. Brown Hen?"

The brown hen shook herself proudly, tossed her head back and began, — "Ca-ca-ca-ca-ca-ca!" In less than two minutes every one in the henhouse had joined her. The white

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rooster was the loudest of all, and the little bantam rooster stretched his neck and did the best he could.

Now, the horses, cows, and sheep were not far away. They heard the happy voices, and they, too, joined in the grand chorus. The pigs did their best to sing louder than all the rest.

Higher and higher, stronger and stronger, rose the chorus. Louder and louder quacked the ducks. Shriller and shriller squealed the pigs.

They were all so happy that they quite forgot their hunger until the door of the henhouse burst open, and in came three chubby children. Each was carrying a dish of hot chicken food

"Don't stop your music, Mr. Rooster," said the little girl, who was bundled up until you could scarcely see her dear little face.

"You see, we were so lonesome that we didn't know what to do. We heard you folk singing out here, and we laughed and laughed until we almost cried. Then we went to tell

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Jack about you. He was lonesome, too, for he's sick with a sore throat, you know. He said, 'Why, those poor hens! They haven't been fed since morning! Go and feed them.' And so we came."

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" said the white rooster. "This comes of making the best of things. Cock-a-doodle-doo!" And nobody asked him to stop crowing.

—Frances M. Fox.

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THE ANIMALS AND THE MIRROR

I

Aunt Susan sent an old-fashioned looking-glass to the barn to be stored in the loft, with other old furniture. The farm boy stood it on the floor of the barn until he should have time to put it away. The mirror was broad and long, and it was set in a dark wooden frame.

An old duck wandered into the barn and caught sight of herself in the mirror. "There is another duck," she said. "I wonder who she is."

And she walked toward the reflection. "She is rather friendly," the duck went on. "She is walking toward me. What large feet she has, but her feathers are very handsome."

Just then she bumped into the mirror. "Goodness!" she cried; "if that duck isn't in a glass case! Why are you in there?"

"Well, you needn't answer if you don't

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want to," she said, walking away. "A glass case is a good place for you."

Just then a pig came along, and nosing around, he came in front of the mirror.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, thinking he saw another pig. His nose hit the glass, and he stepped back.

"So you are in a glass pen," he said. "You are not very handsome, and your nose is not so long as mine; I cannot see why you should have a glass pen."

And away he trotted to tell the other pigs about the very plain-looking pig.

Kitty came along next and walked in front of the mirror, turning her head and swinging her tail. She had seen a mirror before and knew what it was. The cat wished to look in the mirror, but she saw the dog coming in the door, and she did not want him to think her vain.

The dog walked over to the mirror and gazed in it. Then he looked foolish. He

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had seen a mirror before, too, but not so often as puss.

"Thought it was another dog, didn't you?" she laughed. "Here comes the donkey. Let us hide behind those barrels and see what he does."

II

The donkey went up to the mirror.

"If they haven't another donkey!" he said. "I suppose I should speak first, as I have lived here so long. Why, he is coming to meet me. That is friendly, indeed."

Bump! his nose hit the glass.

"Well, I had better give up!" he said. "You are in a glass case, but I don't know why you should be. You are a homely creature, and your ears are not so long as mine." And he walked off with a disgusted air.

The cat rolled over and over, and the dog buried his head in his paws. "Did you ever see anything so funny?" he said to puss.

"Hush!" she replied, "Here is the rooster."

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The rooster stopped quite still when he saw himself in the mirror.

"Well, where did you come from?" he asked, ruffling up his feathers. He walked straight to the mirror and flew at the other rooster. Bang! He went against the glass.

"In a glass case, are you?" he said, as he

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stretched out his neck and looked very fierce. "You should be; you are a sight — your feathers are ruffled, and you are not half so handsome as I am."

And off he walked, satisfied that he was handsomer than the other rooster.

"Oh, dear!" laughed the cat. "I certainly shall scream. They all think they are handsomer than their reflections. Here comes the turkey gobbler. Let us see what he does."

The gobbler walked slowly over to the mirror and looked at his reflection.

"Now," he asked, "where in the world did they get you? You are an old, bald-headed creature, and your feathers need oiling. You look like a last year's turkey." And off he strutted.

The cat and the dog leaned against the barrels and laughed until the tears ran down their faces.

"Keep still," said the dog. "Here comes the speckled hen and her chickens."

Speckled hen walked around, picking up

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bits of corn. Suddenly she looked up and saw the mirror.

"There is a hen with a brood of chicks, but they are not so handsome as mine," she said, walking toward the looking-glass. "Where do you live? I know you do not belong here." And she looked closer at the other hen.

Click! Her bill hit the glass.

"Well, if she isn't in a glass coop!" the hen said, stepping back. "If master has bought her and those chicks, there will be trouble. Mercy! One of the chicks is bow-legged, and they are a skinny looking lot."

Then she clucked to her chicks and walked out of the barn.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" laughed the dog; "they all think the same. They certainly are a conceited lot. Here comes the goose."

III

The goose waddled over to the mirror.

"Well, well! If there isn't a new goose!"

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she said, "and she is walking toward me. I must be friendly."

Snap! Her bill struck the mirror.

"Oh, you are in a glass box!" she said. "Have you come to stay?" And she stretched out her neck.

"My, but you have a long neck!" she went on, "and your feathers are nice and smooth. I suppose you cannot hear in that box."

Then she walked away, nodding good-by. The other goose, of course, nodded also, and goosey went away satisfied.

"She is not so much of a goose as the others," the cat remarked.

"The peacock is coming," said the dog. "Keep quiet."

In walked the peacock. Seeing another bird, as he supposed, he spread his beautiful tail to its full width. He walked about, but never a word did he say.

"Now, what do you make out of that?" asked the dog. "Did he know that he was

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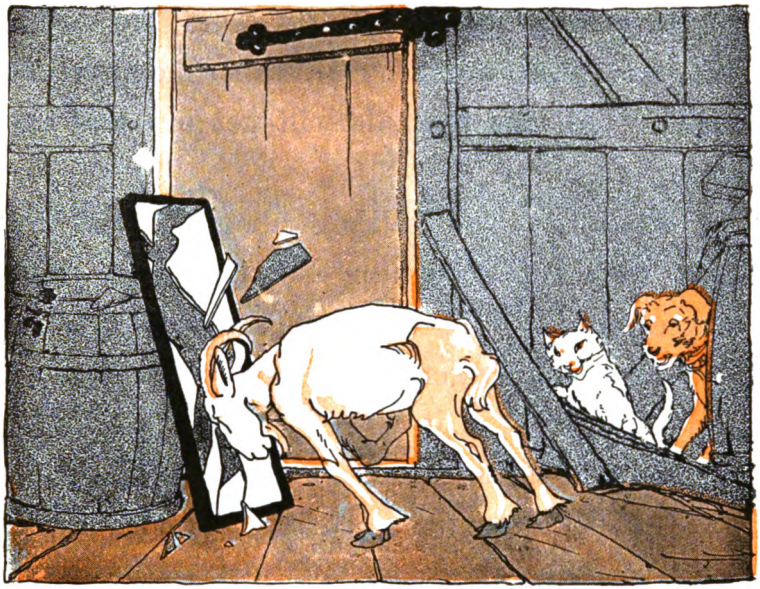

looking in a looking-glass, or wouldn't he speak to another bird?"

"I do not know," said the cat, "but here comes the goat. Hide, quick!"

Billy was clattering over the boards, when suddenly he saw the other goat. He looked at him a minute. "I'll show him," he said, running at the mirror with head down.

Bang! Smash! Crash! and Billy jumped back, a very much astonished goat.

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"Now you have done it," said the horse, who had been watching all the time from his stall. "All the animals will get out and run away."

"What are you talking about?" said the dog, who was laughing so hard he could scarcely talk. "There are no animals in there. That is a looking-glass; you see yourself when you are in front of it."

"Do you mean to tell me that those animals have all been looking at themselves and finding fault with their own looks?" asked the horse, with his eyes nearly popping out of his head.

"Of course," said the cat. "Can't you see that Billy has smashed the looking-glass?"

"Well, that is the best I ever heard," said the horse, laughing, "but I wish I had known that was a looking-glass before Billy broke it. I should very much like to know how I look."

"You might not have recognized yourself; the others didn't," said the dog.

—F. A. Walker.

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THE BARBER OF BAGDAD

ACT I

PLACE: Ali's barber shop.
TIME: Morning.

WOODCUTTER: I have a load of wood which I have just brought in on my donkey. Would you like to buy it, good barber?

ALI: Well, let me see. Is it good wood?

WOODCUTTER: The best in the country.

ALI: I'll give you five shekels for all the wood upon the donkey.

WOODCUTTER: Agreed. I'll put the wood here by your door.

(Lays wood at door.)

Now, good sir, give me the silver.

ALI: Not so fast, my good friend. I must have your wooden pack saddle, too. That was the bargain. I said, "All the wood upon your donkey." Truly, the saddle is wood.

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WOODCUTTER: Who ever heard of such a bargain? Surely you cannot mean what you say? You would not treat a poor woodcutter so. It is impossible.

ALI: Give me the saddle, or I'll have you put in prison. And take that — and that — and that!

(Ali strikes the woodcutter.)

WOODCUTTER: Ah, me, what shall I do? What shall I do? I know. I'll go to the caliph himself.

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Act II

Place: Caliph's Palace.
Time: Hour later.

Courtier: My lord, a good woodcutter is at the door and begs leave to come into your presence.

Caliph: Bid him enter. There is none too poor to be received by me.

(Courtier goes out and returns with woodcutter, who kneels and kisses the ground. Then he stands with arms folded.)

Caliph: Tell me, good man, what brought you here? Has any one done you a wrong?

Woodcutter: Great wrong, my lord. The rich barber Ali did buy a load of wood from me. He offered me five shekels for all the wood on my donkey. When I had put down the load, I asked for my money, but he refused to

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pay me until I had given him my pack saddle. He said the bargain was "all the wood on the donkey," and that the saddle is wood. He said he would put me in prison if I did not give up the saddle. Then he took it and drove me away with blows.

CALIPH: A strange story, truly. The barber has law on his side, and yet you have right on yours. The law must be obeyed, but — come here and let me whisper something to you.

(The woodcutter listens smilingly and bowing low, leaves the room.)

ACT III

PLACE: The barber's shop.
TIME: A few days later.

ALI: Ah! here comes my stupid friend the woodcutter. I suppose

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he has come to quarrel about the wood. No, he is smiling.

WOODCUTTER: Good day to you, friend Ali. I have come to ask if you will be so kind as to shave me and a companion from the country.

ALI: Oh, yes, I suppose so.

WOODCUTTER: How much will you charge?

ALI: A shekel for the two.

(To himself.)

The poor fool cannot pay that sum.

WOODCUTTER: Very good. Shave me first.

(Ali shaves him.)

ALI: Now you are shaved. Where is your companion?

WOODCUTTER: He is standing outside. He will come in at once.

(He goes out and returns leading his donkey.)

This is my companion. Shave him.

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ALI (*in a rage*): Shave him! Shave a donkey, indeed! Is it not enough that I should lower myself by touching you? And then you insult me by asking me to shave your donkey! Away with you!

ACT IV

PLACE: Caliph's Palace.
TIME: Half-hour later.

CALIPH: Well, my friend, did you do as I told you?

WOODCUTTER: Yes, and Ali refused to shave my donkey.

CALIPH (*to Courtier*): Bid Ali come to me at once and bring his razors with him.

(Courtier leaves and returns with Ali.)

CALIPH: Why did you refuse to shave this man's companion? Was not that your agreement?

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ALI (*kissing the ground*): It is true, O caliph, that such was the agreement, but who ever made a companion of a donkey before?

CALIPH: True enough, but who ever thought of saying that a pack saddle is a part of a load of wood? No, no, it is the woodcutter's turn now. Shave his donkey instantly.

(Ali lathers the beast and shaves him in the presence of the whole court, and then slips away amid the laughter of the bystanders.)

CALIPH: Now, my honest woodcutter, here is a purse of gold for you. Always remember that the caliph gladly listens to the complaints of his people, poor and rich, and will right their wrongs if he can.

WOODCUTTER: Long live the Caliph!

COURTIERS: Long live the Caliph!

—EASTERN TALE.

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WINTER NIGHTS

Blow, wind, blow!
Drift the flying snow!
Send it twirling, twirling overhead!
There's a bedroom in a tree
Where snug as snug can be,
The squirrel nests in his cozy bed.

Shriek, wind, shriek!
Make the branches creak!
Battle with the boughs till break of day!
In a snow cave warm and tight,
Through the icy winter night
The rabbit sleeps the peaceful hours away.

Scold, wind, scold!
So bitter and so bold!
Shake the windows with your tap, tap, tap!
With half-shut, dreamy eyes
The drowsy baby lies
Cuddled closely in his mother's lap.

— Mary F. Butts.

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HOPE'S DOLL

It was Saturday morning. Elizabeth Brown sat by a window in the big kitchen making a pink dress for little Hope's doll.

On the chair beside her lay the doll, though you might not have thought of calling it one. It did not have curly hair — nor eyes that open and shut. In those days no child had toys like ours. Hope's doll was made of a corncob; the face was painted on a piece of linen stretched over a ball of wool on the end of the cob.

Little Hope was taking her morning nap. When Elizabeth had sewed the last neat stitches, she dressed the doll and laid it on the bed by the little girl. How happy Hope was when she awoke and saw it! She thought it the most beautiful doll in the world.

"What will you call your doll, Hope?" asked Elizabeth.

"I will name her for mother," said Hope. "I will call her Mary Ellen."

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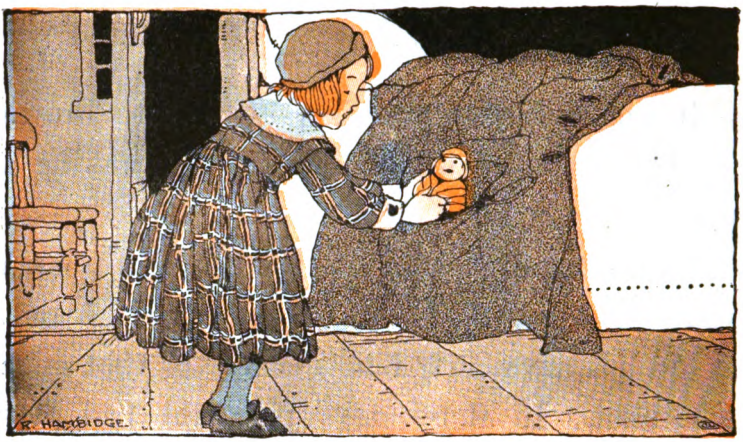

Hope played all the afternoon with her doll and was very happy. When the sunset gun sounded, she had to stop playing. With the Puritans, the Sabbath began at sunset, and no child could play after the gun was heard.

The little maid kissed her baby and went into the bedroom to find a warm place for it to stay until the next evening. There lay father's Sunday coat; what warmer nest could she find for Mary Ellen than its big pocket?

After breakfast the next day, every one got ready to go to meeting. Master Brown filled the little tin foot stove with hot coals from the

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hearth; then he took his gun from its hook. In those days no man went anywhere without his gun — not even to church, for the Indians were likely to come at any time.

Sometimes the firing of a gun was the call to worship. More often a big drum, beaten on the steps of the meeting house, told the people it was time to come together.

At the sound of the drum, Master Brown and his wife, with Elizabeth and Hope, started to church. From every house in the village came men, women, and children. They were always ready when the drum began to beat, for no one was ever late to meeting in those days.

Master Brown led his family to their pew and opened a little door to let them in. The pew was very much like a large box with seats around the sides.

The church was cold, for there was no fire. The children warmed their fingers and toes by the queer little foot stove their father had brought from home.

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When every one was seated, the minister climbed the steps to his high pulpit. The sermon was always very long — three hours at least. The children could not understand what it was all about, and it was very hard for them to sit still and listen quietly.

Elizabeth was four years older than Hope, so she felt quite like a little woman. She sat up beside her mother and looked at the minister almost all the time; but sometimes she had to wink hard to keep awake. When she thought she could not let her feet hang down another minute, she would slip down to the footstool to rest.

Elizabeth was often ashamed of Hope, who could not sit still ten minutes. She tried to listen to the sermon, but could not. When she began to stir about a little, her mother shook her head at her. She sat still for a few minutes, but was soon restless again.

Presently she began to be sleepy and laid her head upon her father's arm for a nap. Just then she felt something in his pocket. A

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happy smile came over Hope's face; she was wide-awake now. Slipping her hand into the wide pocket, she drew out Mary Ellen and smoothed her wrinkled gown.

Master Brown's thoughts were all on the sermon, and even Mistress Brown did not notice Hope for a little time. When she did, what do you suppose she saw? Hope was standing on the seat showing her doll to the little girl in the pew behind her.

Oh, how ashamed her mother was! She pulled her little daughter down quickly and whispered, "Do you want the tithingman to come? Well, sit down and listen." Taking Mary Ellen, she slipped the doll into her muff.

Little Hope did sit down and listen. She did not even turn around when the kind lady behind them dropped a peppermint over the high-backed pew for her. She was very much afraid of the tithingman, who sat on a high seat. He had a long rod with a hard knob on one end and a squirrel's tail on the other.

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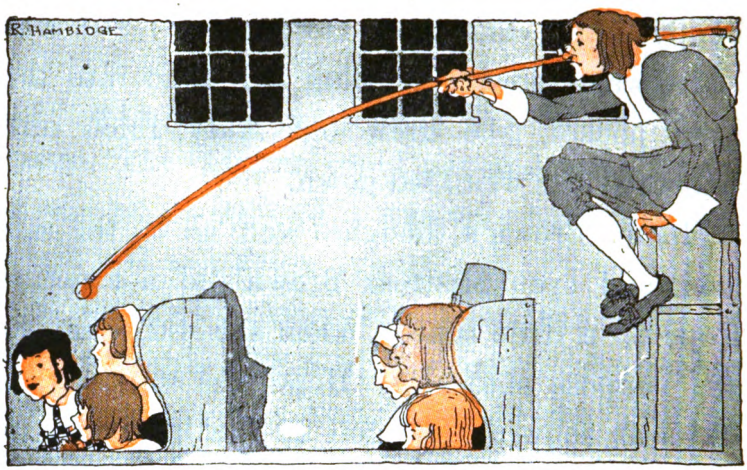

When he saw a lady nodding during the sermon, he stepped around to her pew and tickled her face with the fur end of the rod. She would waken with a start and be, oh! so ashamed. She would be very glad the pew had such high sides to hide her blushing face.

Perhaps you think the boys who sat on the other side of the church had a good time. But there was the tithingman again. When he saw a boy whispering or playing, he rapped him on the head with the knob end of the rod. The

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whispering would stop at once, for the rod often brought tears and left a headache.

Besides keeping the boys from playing and the grown people from going to sleep, the tithingman must turn the hourglass. In those days very few people could afford clocks, but every one had an hourglass. It took the fine sand just one hour to pour from the upper part of the glass into the lower part.

When the sand had all run through, the tithingman turned the glass over and the sand began to tell another hour. The glass was always turned three times before the minister closed the service. Then the men picked up their muskets and foot stoves, the women wrapped their long capes closely about them, and all went home.

At sunset the Puritan Sabbath ended. The women brought out their knitting and spinning, or prepared for Monday's washing, and the children were free to play until bedtime.

—Margaret Pumphrey.

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NAHUM PRINCE

More than a hundred years ago, our country was at war with England. George Washington was at the head of our army. As you know, he and his men were fighting for our country's freedom.

The English army was larger than our army, and General Washington needed all the men he could get. The regular troops were with him.

In one little town in Vermont all the strong, able-bodied men had gone to the front. News came that the English and the Americans were about to meet in battle. The Americans needed more men and called for volunteers. Old men with white hair and long beards volunteered. Young boys with smooth cheeks and unshaven lips volunteered. There wasn't a boy in the village over thirteen years of age who didn't volunteer.

Even lame Nahum Prince offered himself.

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He brought out his grandfather's old gun and got in line with the others. He stood as straight and tall as he could — as a soldier should stand.

Soon the captain came along the line to inspect the volunteers. When he saw Nahum, he said, "No, no, Nahum, you cannot go; you know you cannot. Why, you could not walk a mile. Go home, my lad."

Just then the good old minister came by. "Yes, Nahum," he said, "you must stay at home. Who knows but that you will find a greater work to do for your country right here?"

And lame Nahum dropped out of the line.

Then the volunteers marched off, every man and boy in the village except Nahum Prince. Poor Nahum! His heart was heavy.

"What can I do for my country in this small village?" he said to himself. "Oh, I wish I could be a soldier!"

He walked toward his home slowly and sadly. Just as he passed the blacksmith shop,

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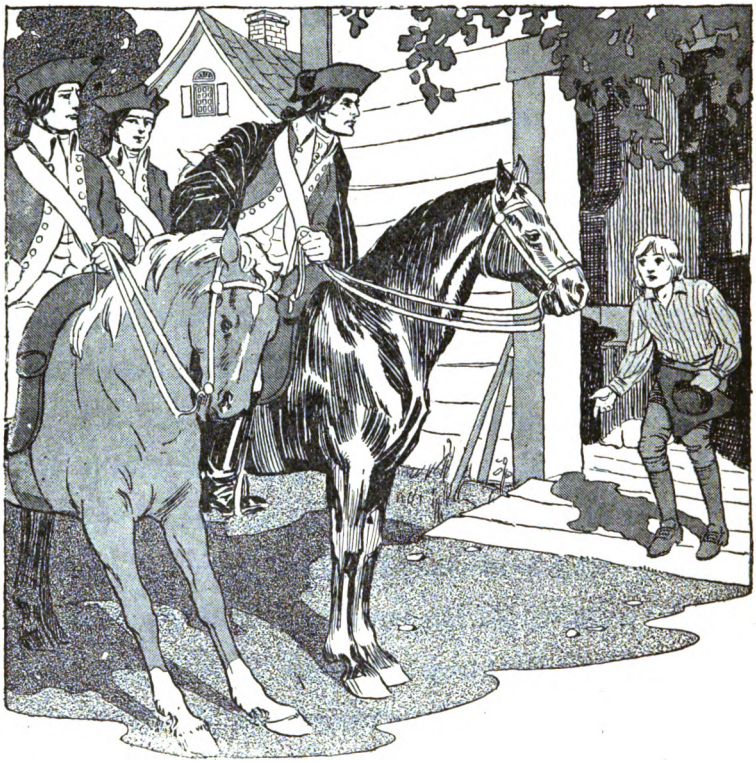

three horseman galloped up to the door.

"Where is the blacksmith?" asked one.

"He and all the men and boys have gone to join the army," said Nahum. "There isn't a man or a boy in town except me. I wouldn't be here if I were not lame."

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"We cannot have this horse shod," said the rider to the others. "We shall not reach there in time."

"Why, I can set a shoe," said Nahum.

"Then it is lucky you are left behind," said the man. "Light up the forge and set the shoe."

Nahum lighted the fire, blew the coals with the bellows, and soon put on the shoe.

"You have done a great deed to-day, my boy," said the rider as he thanked Nahum and rode away.

The next week the boys came home and told of a great battle. They told how the Americans were about to lose the fight when Colonel Seth Warner, leading a band of soldiers, rode up just in time to save the day.

Nahum said nothing, but he knew that Colonel Warner would not have arrived in time if he had not set that shoe. And it was really Nahum Prince and Colonel Seth Warner who won the victory of Bennington.

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THE LITTLE COOK'S REWARD

Betty lived a long, long time ago on a farm in North Carolina. She knew how to clean up the house, to wash the dishes, to sew, and to cook. She knew how to knit, and to spin and weave, too.

One day Betty's father said, "Let us go to town to-morrow. President Washington is passing through the South, and a man told me to-day that he will be in Salisbury to-morrow."

"Yes," said Betty's brother Robert, "and our company has been asked to march in the parade. One of the boys is going to make a speech of welcome."

"I should like to go," said their mother, "but I can't leave home."

"Oh, yes, you can, mother," said Betty. "I have stayed here by myself many times, and I can stay to-morrow. You go with father, and I will take care of things."

The next morning every one on the place was

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up before the sun. Robert was so impatient to start to town that he could scarcely eat any breakfast. Mother was so excited that she forgot to put coffee in the coffee pot.

At last every one had left, and Betty was alone. "I wish I could see the President," she said, "and I do wish I could see his great coach. Father says that it is finer than the Governor's. Four men ride in front of it, and four behind it. The servants are dressed in white and gold. How I wish I could see it all!"

While Betty was talking to herself, she was not idle. She washed the dishes and she cleaned the house. Then, as it was not time to get dinner, she sat down on the shady porch.

"I wonder whether General Washington looks like his picture," she said. "Oh, if I could only see him!"

But what sound was that? Betty stood up, and shading her eyes with her hands, looked down the road. Four horsemen came along at

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a gallop. Then there followed a great white coach, trimmed with gold and drawn by four white horses. There were four horsemen behind the coach, and last of all came several black servants.

All stopped at the gate. A tall handsome man stepped from the coach and came up the walk. Betty felt as if she could neither move nor speak. She remembered, however, all that

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her mother had taught her, and she made a low curtsy as the gentleman reached the steps.

"Good morning, my little maid," he said. "I know it is late, but would you give an old man some breakfast?"

Betty's cheeks grew as pink as the rose by the porch. She made another curtsy and said, "Indeed, I will. I am the only one at home, for father, mother, and Robert have gone to Salisbury to see the great Washington. But I am sure I can give you some breakfast. Father says that I am a good cook."

"I know you are, and that you are as brisk as you are pretty. Just give me a breakfast, and I promise you that you shall see Washington before your father, mother, or brother Robert does."

"I will do the best I can, sir," Betty said.

The other men came in, and all sat on the porch and talked while Betty worked. Getting her mother's whitest cloth and the silver that came from England, she quickly set the table.

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She brought out a loaf of new bread and a jar of fresh honey. Then she ran to the spring house and got yellow butter and rich milk. She had some fresh eggs that had been laid by her own hens. These she dropped into boiling water. Last of all she cut thin slices of delicious ham.

When everything was ready, Betty went to the porch and invited the strangers in. Her cheeks were now the color of the red rose by the gate.

The visitors ate heartily of all the good things Betty had prepared. As the tall, handsome gentleman rose to go, he leaned over and kissed her. "My pretty little cook," he said, "you may tell your brother Robert that you saw Washington before he did, and that he kissed you, too."

You may believe that Betty did tell it. She told it to her children, and they told it to their children, and I am telling it to you to-day.

— Mrs. L. A. McCorkle.

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ROCK-A-BY, HUSH-A-BY, LITTLE PAPOOSE

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, little papoose,
The stars come into the sky,
The whip-poor-will's crying, the daylight is dying,
The river runs murmuring by.

The pine trees are slumbering, little papoose,
The squirrel has gone to his nest,
The robins are sleeping, the mother bird's keeping
The little ones warm with her breast.

The roebuck is dreaming, my little papoose,
His mate lies asleep at his side,
The breezes are pining, the moonbeams are shining
All over the prairie wide.

Then hush-a-by, rock-a-by, little papoose,
You sail on the river of dreams;
Dear Manitou loves you and watches above you
Till time when the morning light gleams.

— CHARLES MYALL.

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THE TAR WOLF

I

Many hundreds of moons ago, there was a great drought. The streams and lakes were drying up. Water was so scarce that the animals held a council to decide what they should do.

"I hope it will rain soon and fill the streams and lakes," Great Bear said. "If it does not, all the animals will have to go to a land where there is more water."

"I know where there is plenty of water," said Wild Goose.

"I do, too," said Wild Duck.

Most of the animals did not wish to go away. "It is well enough for the ducks and geese to go," said Wild Cat; "they like to move about. It is well enough for Great Bear to go; he can sleep through the winter in one hollow tree as soundly as in another. But we do not wish to leave our hunting grounds."

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"If we go to a new country," said Gray Wolf, "we shall have to make new trails."

"And we shall have to clear new land," said Big Beaver, who had to cut down the trees when land was cleared.

All this time the Rabbit said nothing. "Brother Rabbit," Great Bear asked, "what do you think about this matter?"

Brother Rabbit did not answer. His eyes were shut, and he seemed too sleepy to think about anything.

Great Bear asked again, "What do you think about it, Brother Rabbit? Shall we go to the place the ducks and geese have found, where there is plenty of water?"

"Oh," answered Brother Rabbit, "I do not mind the drought. I drink the dew on the grass in the early morning; I do not need to go where there is more water."

And he shut his eyes again.

"Well," said Red Deer, "if there is dew enough for Brother Rabbit every morning, there

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is dew enough for us. We need not go to another country."

"Those are wise words, my brother," said Brown Terrapin.

All the others said, "Those are wise words, my brother," and the council was over. The animals were happy because they thought they need not go away from their homes.

Days passed, and still it did not rain. The animals found that the dew did not keep them from suffering from thirst. They were afraid that, after all, they would have to go to another country.

Still the Rabbit looked sleek and fat. He declared that he got all the water he needed from the dew on the grass in the early morning.

"You sleep too late," he said. "By the time you get up, the sun has dried the dew."

II

After that, the animals came out earlier than before, but they could not get water enough

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from the morning dew. They did not understand why the Rabbit looked so well.

One day Gray Wolf said to Wild Cat, "Let us watch the Rabbit and see where he gets so much dew that he is never thirsty."

That night they stayed in the woods near Rabbit's wigwam, so as to follow him on the trail. They kept awake all night for fear that they might sleep too late.

Very early in the morning, Brother Rabbit came out of his wigwam and ran swiftly down the hill. Wild Cat and Gray Wolf followed as fast and as quietly as they could.

The dew was on the grass and leaves, but Brother Rabbit did not stop to get it. Instead, he ran down the hill and pushed away a heap of brush. Wild Cat and Gray Wolf hid behind some bushes and watched him.

Brother Rabbit drank from a little spring. Then he filled a jar with clear, fresh water, piled the brush over the spring again, and went up the hill to his wigwam.

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Ah! now Gray Wolf and Wild Cat knew why Brother Rabbit did not mind the drought; and they made a plan to punish him for being so selfish.

They got tar and resin from the pine trees, and out of these they made a great wolf. After placing it close to the spring, they hid again in the bushes, to see what would happen.

Early the next morning, Brother Rabbit came running down the hill for more water. He stopped when he saw the tar wolf by his spring.

"What are you doing here, Gray Wolf?" he asked. Of course there was no answer.

"Has my brother no ears?" asked Brother Rabbit.

As the wolf was still silent, Brother Rabbit became angry. "Answer me, Gray Wolf," he cried. But there was no answer.

Then Brother Rabbit slapped the tar wolf with his right front paw. It stuck fast, and Brother Rabbit could not pull it away.

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"Let me go," he cried, "or I will slap you with the other paw."

He slapped the tar wolf with the left front paw. That, too, stuck fast.

Now Brother Rabbit was very angry. "Let me go, Gray Wolf," he cried. "Let me go, I say!"

As Gray Wolf did not let him go, Brother

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Rabbit kicked the tar wolf, first with one of his hind paws and then with the other. Both stuck fast, and so he was held by all four paws.

Just then Gray Wolf and Wild Cat came from their hiding place.

"We have caught you, Brother Rabbit," they said. "Now we are going to take you to the council and tell how you tried to keep all the water for yourself."

III

They took Brother Rabbit to the council house, and sent for Great Bear and all the other animals. Soon all came, and the council began. Gray Wolf told that he had seen Brother Rabbit go to the spring, uncover it, get water, and cover the spring up again.

The animals said that Brother Rabbit must be punished, but how they could not decide.

"Burn him alive," said Gray Wolf.

"I am quite willing," Brother Rabbit said,

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smiling. "Fire is my friend and will not hurt me."

"We might cut off his head," said Brown Terrapin.

"Very well," said the Rabbit, quietly. "Try that. It will not hurt me, for a better head will grow back."

He said he was not afraid of each thing that was mentioned.

"Is there nothing of which you are afraid?" asked Great Bear, at last. "Is there nothing that can hurt you?"

"Of only one thing am I afraid," answered Brother Rabbit, in a low voice. "I am afraid you will turn me loose in the brier patch. Please do not throw me in the brier patch."

"Turn him loose in the brier patch!" cried all the animals.

How frightened Brother Rabbit looked now!

"Oh, Gray Wolf," he begged, "burn me; cut off my head. Do anything else with me, but please don't throw me in the brier patch."

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The more he begged, the faster Gray Wolf hurried to the brier patch. The other animals followed close behind. They were all talking about the tricks Brother Rabbit had played on them and how they had never before been able to get even with him.

When they came to the edge of the brier patch, Brother Rabbit begged harder than ever.

"Good Wolf," he cried, "do anything else with me, but don't throw me in the brier patch!"

Gray Wolf laughed and threw Brother Rabbit far into the patch.

Brother Rabbit landed on his feet, and off he ran through the briers. He called back, "Thank you, good Wolf! You threw me right on my trail! I was born and bred in the brier patch. I was born and bred in the brier patch!"

He was running so fast that by the time he said this, he was out of sight.

—The Indian Tar-Baby Story.

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THE RABBIT AND THE WOLF

The rabbit liked to play tricks on the other animals. Best of all, he liked to play tricks on the wolf. At last the wolf grew angry and said that he was going to get even with the rabbit.

One day he caught the rabbit coming through a field.

"Now," said the wolf, "I am going to pay you for all the tricks you have played on me. I will cut off your ears and use them for spoons to stir my hominy pot. As soon as I sharpen this stone, off your ears go!"

While the wolf sharpened the stone, he sang in his harsh voice a song somewhat like this:

"Watch me sharpen,
Watch me sharpen;
Soon I am going to cut off your ears.
Sicum, sicum, sicum, sicum,
Sicum, se mi su!"

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When he sang,

"Sicum, sicum, sicum, sicum,
Sicum, se mi su!"

the rabbit could almost feel the sharp stone cutting his ears. But he was a brave little rabbit and said nothing.

At last the wolf stopped singing for a moment.

Then the rabbit said, "Brother Wolf, I know a new dance. Don't you wish me to teach it to you?"

"Yes, when I have cut off your ears," said the wolf.

Then he went on singing,

"Sicum, sicum, sicum, sicum,
Sicum, se mi su!"

"After my ears are cut off," said the rabbit, "I can never dance any more."

Now the wolf knew that the rabbit could sing and dance better than any other animal, and he wished very much to learn the new

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dance. He went on sharpening the stone, but he did not sing while he worked.

After a while he asked, "Is the new dance as pretty as the Snake Dance?"

"Oh, a great deal prettier," answered the rabbit.

"Is it as pretty as the Turkey Dance?"

"Oh, a great deal prettier than the Turkey Dance."

"Is it as pretty as the Eagle Dance?"

"Oh, a great deal prettier than the Eagle Dance."

The wolf asked if the new dance was as pretty as other dances he had seen, and the rabbit said that it was much prettier.

This pleased the wolf, as he wished to have a new dance for the green corn festival.

"You may teach me the dance now," he said. "I can cut off your ears afterward."

"Very well," said the rabbit; "pat your foot to keep time, and watch me while I dance."

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So the wolf stood in the middle of the field, patting his foot and shaking a rattle while the rabbit danced around him and sang,

"Watch me dance around the field,
Watch me dance around the field,
Hi, la, hi, la, hi!"

Then the rabbit made a ring in the middle of the field. He said to the wolf, "Now, you dance around this ring, and sing just as I do."

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He made a larger ring for himself and danced around just beyond the wolf. The wolf thought that this was the finest dance he had ever seen. He and the rabbit danced faster and faster, and sang louder and louder.

As the rabbit danced, he moved nearer and nearer to the edge of the field. The wolf was dancing so fast and singing so loud that he did not notice this.

The rabbit kept on singing,

"Now I dance on the edge of the field,
Now I dance on the edge of the field,
Hi, la, hi, la, hi!"

At last, Brother Rabbit reached the edge of the field; then he jumped into the blackberry bushes and ran away. The wolf tried to give chase, but he was so dizzy that he could not run. And the rabbit got away without having his ears cut off.

— Southern Indian Tale.

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BLOCK CITY

What are you able to build with your blocks?
Castles and palaces, temples and docks.
Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,
But I can be happy and building at home.

Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea,
There I'll establish a city for me:
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbor as well where my vessels may ride.

Great is the palace with pillar and wall,
A sort of a tower on the top of it all,
And steps coming down in an orderly way
To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one is moored:
Hark to the song of the sailors on board!
And see on the steps of my palace, the kings
Coming and going with presents and things!

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Now I have done with it, down let it go.
All in a moment the town is laid low,
Block upon block lying scattered and free,
What is there left of my town by the sea?

— Robert Louis Stevenson.

A GOOD PLAY

We built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake;" —
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.

We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

— Robert Louis Stevenson.

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THE MONKEY'S FIDDLE

I

Once upon a time there was a great famine in the land, and Monkey could find no food. There were no bulbs, no beans, no insects, nor anything else to eat.

At last Monkey said to himself, "Why should I perish here with hunger? My uncle Orang-outang has enough and to spare; I shall go to him, and he will give me food and shelter."

So he set out and soon came to the place where Orang-outang lived. For a long time Monkey was happy in his new home, but by and by he heard that there was no longer a famine in his own land. Then he decided to go back.

Before he started, Orang-outang made him a present of a fiddle and of a bow and arrow.

"With this bow and arrow you can kill any animal," he said. "With this fiddle you can make anything dance until you bid it stop."

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Thanking his uncle for the presents, Monkey set out on his homeward journey. On the way he met Brother Wolf.

"What news, Brother Wolf?" asked Monkey.

When Wolf had told him the news, Monkey asked, "What have you been doing to-day?"

"Oh," said Wolf, "I have been following a deer all the morning, but I have been unable to get near enough to kill him. Now I am faint with hunger."

"I can help you," said Monkey. "I have a magic bow and arrow. Show me the deer, and I will bring him down."

When Wolf showed him the deer, Monkey fitted an arrow to the bow and took aim. Hardly had the arrow left the bow when the deer fell dead.

Monkey and Wolf sat down and had a good feast. As Wolf ate, he thought of the magic bow and arrow, and he planned to get them away from Monkey.

"First I will ask for them," he said to him-

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self. "If Monkey will not give them to me, I will use force."

When Wolf had finished eating, he said to Monkey, "Please give me the bow and arrow."

"I will not," said Monkey. "They were a present from my dear uncle; why should I give them to you?"

"Very well," said Wolf. "I am stronger than you, and I will take them by force."

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II

Wolf was just about to snatch the bow and arrow from Monkey when Jackal came along. Then Wolf thought of a new plan.

He called out to Jackal, "Help! help! Monkey has stolen my magic bow and arrow."

Jackal came running to them. Wolf told his side of the story, and Monkey told his.

"I cannot believe either of you," said Jackal. "Let us lay the question before the court. There Lion, Tiger, and the other animals will hear you both; perhaps they will be able to decide to whom the magic bow and arrow belong. But to keep you two from quarreling, I had better take care of the bow and arrow."

Monkey gave them to Jackal, and all three started off to court. When they arrived, there sat Lion on the throne. Seated around were the other animals of the jungle.

Monkey told his story first. Standing in front of the throne, he made a low bow and said, "The great famine, my lord, drove me out

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of my country, and I had to take refuge with my uncle. When I started back home, he gave me this bow and arrow. Finding Wolf almost starving, I shot a deer for him. Instead of being grateful for the food, he tried to rob me of the bow and arrow. I am here to ask that you restore them to me."

"He does not tell the truth," cried Wolf.

Then Jackal said, "I believe that the bow and arrow belong to Wolf; he and Monkey were quarreling about them when I came along. They agreed to leave the question to you, King Lion. I know you will see that justice is done."

Wolf looked very innocent and said nothing.

King Lion rose and asked, "What say you? To whom do the bow and arrow belong?"

"To Wolf," they all cried.

"Stealing is a crime that must be punished," said King Lion. "What shall be done?"

"Let Monkey be hanged," they all cried.

Monkey still had his magic fiddle. Holding it in his hand, he made a deep bow and said:

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"Give me leave to play a tune on my fiddle before I hang, O King."

Now, the beasts all loved a merry tune, and knowing that Monkey was a master player, they called out, "Let him play."

III

Monkey placed the fiddle under his chin, drew the bow across the strings, and struck up "Cockcrow." This was a favorite tune with the court. At the first notes all nodded their heads in time to the music. As Monkey played on, the entire court began to dance.

Round and round they went like a whirlwind. Over and over, quicker and quicker sounded the tune of "Cockcrow." Faster and faster flew the dancers, until one after another fell to the ground worn out.

Monkey saw nothing of all this. With eyes closed and his head placed lovingly against the fiddle, he played on and on, keeping time with his foot.

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Wolf was the first one to cry out, "Please stop, Cousin Monkey. For pity's sake, stop."

But Monkey did not seem to hear him. Again and again sounded the magic notes of "Cockcrow."

King Lion had gone round and round with his young wife so many times that both were ready to drop. At last, as he passed Monkey, he roared, "Stop, ape! My whole kingdom is yours if you will only stop playing."

"I do not want it," said Monkey. "Make Wolf confess that he tried to steal my bow and arrow. Then I will stop playing."

"I confess! I confess!" panted Wolf, who was ready to fall to the ground.

"Good," cried King Lion, as the music stopped. "Monkey is innocent. Let him have his bow and arrow."

"Punish Wolf!" cried the animals.

So Wolf was soundly beaten and driven from the court. Then Monkey went off rejoicing, carrying with him his magic gifts. —AFRICAN TALE.

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THE THREE TASKS

I

There were once two brothers who set out to seek their fortune. They wasted their time and their money in all sorts of foolish ways, and before long they were nearly penniless.

After the two brothers had been gone some time, their younger brother, who had always been thought the simpleton of the family, set out to seek his fortune.

One day as he was passing through a village far away from home, he found his two brothers.

"Where are you going?" they asked.

"I am going to seek my fortune," he replied.

"Ha, ha! how foolish you are!" they cried. "With all our wit and wisdom we have been unable to make our fortune. It is silly of you even to try." And they laughed and made fun of him.

Nevertheless, the three brothers decided to travel on together. As they journeyed on, they

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saw a large ant hill by the side of the road. The two elder brothers were about to destroy it, when the simpleton said, "Leave the poor ants alone. I will not let you disturb them."

They went on their way until they came to a pond upon which two ducks were swimming. The two older brothers were about to kill them, when the simpleton said, "Leave them alone. I will not let you kill them."

Soon the three came to a tree, in the trunk of which was a wild bee's nest. The two older brothers wished to steal the honey. They started to make a fire under the tree and smoke out the bees. The simpleton said, "Leave the poor bees alone. I will not let you rob them."

II

At last the three brothers came to a castle where everything looked as if it had been turned to stone. There was not a single human being to be seen. They walked along the great wide hall, but still they saw no one.

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"The castle must be enchanted," the brothers said to one another.

After passing through many rooms, they came to a door in which there were three locks. In the middle of the door was a little grating through which they could look into the room beyond.

They saw a little man, dressed in gray, seated at a table. Twice they called to him, but he did not answer. They called a third time. Then he rose, opened the three locks, and came out.

He said not a word, but led them to a table on which a feast was spread. When they had eaten and drunk as much as they wished, the old man showed each of them to a bedroom. There they rested well all night.

The next morning the little gray man came to the eldest brother and beckoned him to follow. He led him to a room in which there was a stone table, and on the table there lay three stone tablets.

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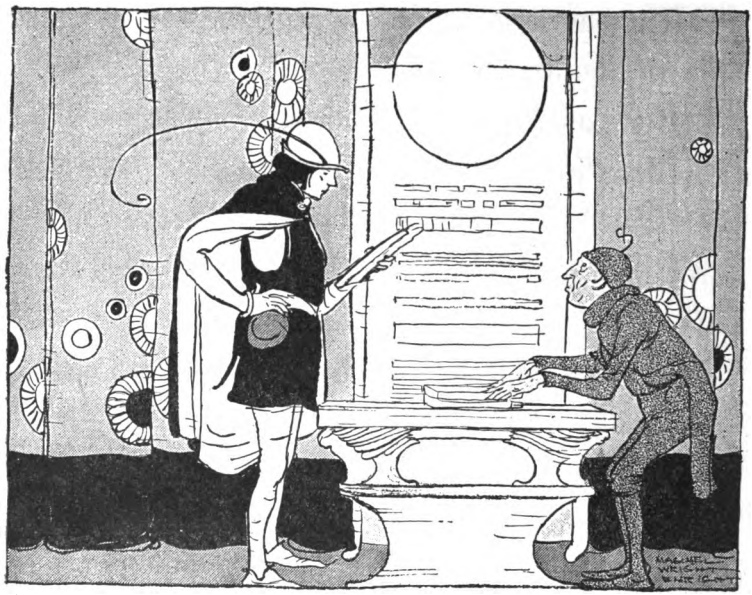

On the table near the tablets was written: "This castle is enchanted. Before the enchantment can be broken, there are three tasks to be performed. The one who performs these three tasks shall marry the youngest and dearest of the three princesses who now lie asleep in the castle."

When the eldest brother had read this, the old man gave him the first tablet. On it was written:

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"In the forest, hidden beneath the thick moss, are the pearls which belonged to the princesses. They are a thousand in number. These must be collected by sunset. If one single pearl is missing, then he who has sought them shall be turned to stone."

The eldest brother searched the whole day long, but by sunset he had found only a hundred pearls. So he was turned to stone.

The following day the second brother tried his luck, but by sunset he had found but two hundred pearls. So he, too, was turned to stone.

Then it came the simpleton's turn. He searched all day amidst the moss, but he fared little better than his brothers. At last he sat down upon a stone and burst into tears.

As he sat there, the king of the ants, whose life he had once saved, came with five thousand ants. Before long the little creatures had found every one of the pearls and piled them up in a heap.

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The little gray man then gave the simpleton the second tablet. Upon it was written the second task:

"The key that opens the chamber in which the princesses are sleeping lies in the bottom of the lake. He who has performed the first task must find the key."

When the simpleton came to the lake, the ducks which he had saved were swimming upon it. At once they dived down into the depths below and brought up the key.

The simpleton showed the key to the little gray man, who then gave him the third tablet. On it was written the third task:

"The one who has gathered the pearls and found the key to the chamber may now marry the youngest and dearest princess. He must, however, first tell which is she. The princesses are exactly alike, but there is one difference. Before they went to sleep, the eldest ate sugar, the second ate syrup, and the youngest ate honey."

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The simpleton laid down the tablet with a sigh. "How can I find out which princess ate the honey?" he asked himself.

However, he put the key he had found in the lock and opened the door. In the chamber the three princesses were lying. Ah, which was the youngest?

Just then the queen of the bees flew in through the window and tasted the lips of all three. When she came to the lips that had sipped the honey, she remained there. Then the young man knew that this was the youngest and dearest princess.

So the enchantment came to an end. The sleepers awoke, and those who had been turned to stone became alive again. The simpleton married the youngest and dearest princess, and was made king after her father's death. His two brothers, who were now sorry for what they had done, married the other two princesses, and lived happily ever after.

—GRIMM.

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THE WORLD'S MUSIC

The world's a very happy place,
  Where every child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
  And never sulk for anything.

I waken when the morning's come,
  And feel the air and light alive
With strange sweet music like the hum
  Of bees about their busy hive.

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The linnets play among the leaves
At hide-and-seek, and chirp and sing;
While, flashing to and from the eaves,
The swallows twitter on the wing.

From dawn to dark the old mill-wheel
Makes music, going round and round;
And dusty-white with flour and meal,
The miller whistles to its sound.

The brook that flows beside the mill,
As happy as a brook can be,
Goes singing its old song until
It learns the singing of the sea.

For every wave upon the sands
Sings songs you never tire to hear,
Of laden ships from sunny lands
Where it is summer all the year.

The world is such a happy place
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face
And never, never sulk at all.

—Gabriel Setoun.

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THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

I

Once upon a time there lived a king and queen who were very unhappy because they had no children. But at last a little daughter was born, and their sorrow was turned to joy. All the bells in the land were rung to tell the glad tidings.

The king gave a christening feast so grand that the like of it had never been known. He invited all the fairies he could find in the kingdom — there were seven of them — to come to the christening as godmothers. He hoped that each would give the princess a good gift.

When the christening was over, the feast came. Before each of the fairies was placed a plate with a spoon, a knife, and a fork — all pure gold. But alas! as the fairies were about to seat themselves at the table, there came into the hall a very old fairy who had not been invited. She had left the kingdom fifty years

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before and had not been seen or heard of until this day.

The king at once ordered that a plate should be brought for her, but he could not furnish a gold one such as the others had. This made the old fairy angry, and she sat there muttering to herself.

Her angry threats were overheard by a young fairy who sat near. This good godmother, fearing the old fairy might give the child an unlucky gift, hid herself behind a curtain. She did this because she wished to speak last and perhaps be able to change the old fairy's gift.

At the end of the feast, the youngest fairy stepped forward and said, "The princess shall be the most beautiful woman in the world."

The second said,

"She shall have a temper as sweet as an angel."

The third said,

"She shall have a wonderful grace in all she does or says."

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The fourth said,

"She shall sing like a nightingale."

The fifth said,

"She shall dance like a flower in the wind."

The sixth said,

"She shall play such music as was never heard on earth."

Then the old fairy's turn came. Shaking her head spitefully, she said,

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"When the princess is seventeen years old, she shall prick her finger with a spindle, and — she — shall — die!"

At this all the guests trembled, and many of them began to weep. The king and queen wept loudest of all.

Just then the wise young fairy came from behind the curtain and said: "Do not grieve, O King and Queen. Your daughter shall not die. I cannot undo what my elder sister has done; the princess shall indeed prick her finger with the spindle, but she shall not die. She shall fall into a sleep that will last a hundred years. At the end of that time, a king's son will find her and awaken her."

Immediately all the fairies vanished.

II

The king, hoping to save his child even from this misfortune, commanded that all spindles should be burned. This was done, but it was all in vain.

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One day when the princess was seventeen years of age, the king and queen left her alone in the castle. She wandered about the palace, and at last came to a little room in the top of a tower. There an old woman — so old and deaf that she had never heard of the king's command — sat spinning.

"What are you doing, good old woman?" asked the princess.

"I am spinning, my pretty child."

"Ah," said the princess. "How do you do it? Let me see if I can spin also."

She had just taken the spindle in her hand when, in some way, it pricked her finger. The princess dropped down on the floor. The old woman called for help, and people came from all sides, but nothing could be done.

When the good young fairy heard the news, she came quickly to the castle. She knew that the princess must sleep a hundred years and would be frightened if she found herself alone when she awoke. So the fairy touched with

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her magic wand all in the palace except the king and the queen. Ladies, gentlemen, pages, waiting maids, footmen, grooms in the stable, and even the horses — she touched them all. They all went to sleep just where they were when the wand touched them. Some of the gentlemen were bowing to the ladies, the ladies were embroidering, the grooms stood currying their horses, and the cook was slapping the kitchen boy.

The king and queen departed from the castle, giving orders that no one was to go near it. This command, however, was not needed. In a little while there sprang around the castle a wood so thick that neither man nor beast could pass through.

III

A great many changes take place in a hundred years. The king had no other child, and when he died, his throne passed to another royal family. Even the story of the sleeping princess was almost forgotten.

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One day the son of the king who was then reigning was out hunting, and he saw towers rising above a thick wood. He asked what they were, but no one could answer him.

At last an old peasant was found who said, "Your highness, fifty years ago my father told me that there is a castle in the woods where a princess sleeps — the most beautiful princess that ever lived. It was said that she must sleep there a hundred years, when she would be awakened by a king's son."

At this the young prince determined to find out the truth for himself. He leaped from his horse and began to force his way through the wood. To his astonishment, the stiff branches gave way, then closed again, allowing none of his companions to follow.

A beautiful palace rose before him. In the courtyard the prince saw horses and men who looked as if they were dead. But he was not afraid and boldly entered the palace. There were guards motionless as stone, gentlemen

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and ladies, pages and footmen, some standing, some sitting, but all like statues.

At last the prince came to a chamber of gold, where he saw upon a bed the fairest sight one ever beheld — a princess of about seventeen years who looked as if she had just fallen asleep. Trembling, the prince knelt beside her, and awakened her with a kiss. And now the enchantment was broken.

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The princess looked at him with wondering eyes and said: "Is it you, my prince? I have waited for you long."

So happy were the two that they talked hour after hour. In the meantime all in the palace awaked and each began to do what he was doing when he fell asleep. The gentlemen went on bowing to the ladies, the ladies went on with their embroidery. The grooms went on currying their horses, the cook went on slapping the kitchen boy, and the servants began to serve the supper. Then the chief lady in waiting, who was ready to die of hunger, told the princess aloud that supper was ready.

The prince gave the princess his hand, and they all went into the great hall for supper. That very evening the prince and princess were married. The next day the prince took his bride to his father's palace, and there they lived happily ever afterward.

— GRIMM.

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THE UGLY DUCKLING

I

It was summer. The country was lovely just then. The cornfields were waving yellow, the wheat was golden, the oats were still green, and the hay was stacked in the meadows. Beyond the fields great forests and ponds of water might be seen.

In the sunniest spot of all stood an old farmhouse, with deep canals around it. At the water's edge grew great burdocks. It was just as wild there as in the deepest wood, and in this snug place sat a duck upon her nest. She was waiting for her brood to hatch.

At last one eggshell after another began to crack. From each little egg came "Cheep! cheep!" and then a little duckling's head.

"Quack! quack!" said the duck; and all the babies quacked too. Then they looked all around. The mother let them look as much as they liked, for green is good for the eyes.

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"How big the world is!" said all the little ducklings.

"Do you think this is all the world?" asked the mother. "It stretches a long way on the other side of the garden and on to the parson's field, but I have never been so far as that. I hope you are all out. No, not all; that large egg is still unbroken. I am really tired of sitting so long." Then the duck sat down again.

"Well, how goes it?" asked an old duck who had come to pay her a visit.

"There is one large egg that is taking a long time to hatch," replied the mother. "But you must look at the ducklings. They are the finest I have ever seen; they are all just like their father."

"Let me look at the egg which will not hatch," said the old duck. "You may be sure that it is a turkey's egg. I was once cheated in that way. Oh, you will have a great deal of trouble, for a turkey will not go into the

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water. Yes, that's a turkey's egg. Leave it alone and teach the other children to swim."

"No, I will sit on it a little longer," said the mother duck.

"Just as you please," said the old duck, and she went away.

At last the large egg cracked. "Cheep! cheep!" said the young one, and tumbled out. How large it was! How ugly it was!

"I wonder if it can be a turkey chick," said the mother. "Well, we shall see when we go to the pond. It must go into the water, even if I have to push it in myself."

Next day the mother duck and all her little ones went down to the water. Splash! she jumped in, and all the ducklings went in, too. They swam about very easily, and the ugly duckling swam with them.

"No, it is not a turkey," said the mother duck. "See how well he can use his legs. He is my own child! And he is not so very ugly either."

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II

Then she took her family into the duck yard. As they went along, she told the ducklings how to act.

"Keep close to me, so that no one can step on you," she said. "Come; now, don't turn your toes in. A well-brought-up duck turns its toes out, just like father and mother. Bow your heads before that old duck yonder. She is the grandest duck here. One can tell that by the red rag around her leg. That's a great honor, the greatest honor a duck can have. It shows that the mistress doesn't want to lose her. Now bend your necks and say 'Quack!'"

They did so, but the other ducks did not seem glad to see them.

"Look!" they cried. "Here comes another brood, as if there were not enough of us already. And oh, dear, how ugly that large one is! We won't stand him."

Then one of the ducks flew at the ugly duckling and bit him in the neck.

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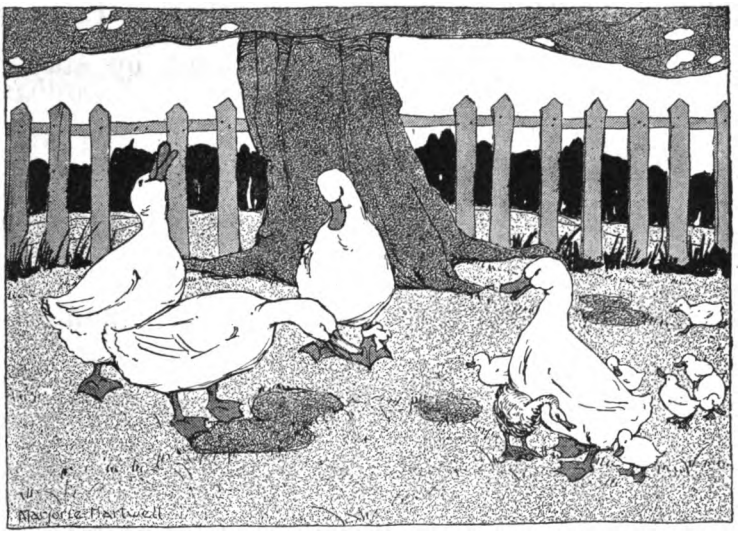

"Let him alone," said the mother; "he is doing no harm."

"Perhaps not," said the duck who had bitten the poor duckling, "but he is too ugly to stay here. He must be driven out."

"Those are pretty children that the mother has," said the old duck with the rag around her leg. "They are all pretty but that one. What a pity!"

"Yes," replied the mother duck, "he is not handsome, but he is good-tempered, and he

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swims as well as any of the others. I think he will grow to be pretty. Perhaps he stayed too long in the egg."

"Well, make yourselves at home," said the old duck. "If you find an eel's head, you may bring it to me."

And they did make themselves at home — all but the poor ugly duckling. His life was made quite miserable. The ducks bit him, and the hens pecked him. So it went on the first day, and each day it grew worse.

The poor duckling was very unhappy. At last he could stand it no longer, and he ran away. As he flew over the fence, he frightened the little birds on the bushes.

"That is because I am so ugly," thought the duckling.

He flew on until he came to a moor where some wild ducks lived. They laughed at him and swam away from him.

Some wild geese came by, and they laughed at the duckling, too. Just then some guns

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went bang! bang! The hunters were all around. The hunting dogs came splash! into the swamp, and one dashed close to the duckling. The dog looked at him and went on.

"Well, I can be thankful for that," sighed he. "I am so ugly that even the dog will not bite me."

When all was quiet, the duckling started out again. A storm was raging, and he found shelter in a poor hut. Here lived an old woman with her cat and her hen. The old woman could not see well, and she thought he was a fat duck. She kept him three weeks, hoping that she would get some duck eggs, but the duckling did not lay.

After a while the fresh air and sunshine streamed in at the open door, and the duckling longed to be out on the water. The cat and the hen laughed when he told them of his wish.

"You must be crazy," said the hen. "I do not wish to swim. The cat does not; and I am sure our mistress does not."

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"You do not understand me," said the duckling. "I will go out into the wide world."

"Yes, do go," said the hen.

And the duckling went away. He swam on the water and dived, but still all the animals passed him by because he was so ugly; and the poor duckling was lonesome.

III

Now the winter came, and soon it was very cold. Snow and sleet fell, and the ugly duckling had a very unhappy time.

One evening a whole flock of handsome white birds rose out of the bushes. They were swans. They gave a strange cry, and spreading their great wings, flew away to warmer lands and open lakes.

The ugly duckling felt quite strange, and he gave such a loud cry that he frightened himself. He could not forget those beautiful happy birds. He knew not where they had gone, but he wished he could have gone with them.

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The winter grew cold — very cold. The duckling swam about in the water to keep from freezing, but every night the hole in which he swam became smaller and smaller. At last he was frozen fast in the ice.

Early the next morning a farmer found the duckling and took him to the farmhouse. There in a warm room the duckling came to himself again. The children wished to play with him, but he was afraid of them.

In his terror he fluttered into the milk pan and splashed the milk about the room. The woman clapped her hands at him, and that frightened him still more. He flew into the butter tub and then into the meal barrel.

How he did look then! The children laughed and screamed. The woman chased him with the fire tongs. The door stood open, and the duckling slipped out into the snow.

It was a cruel, hard winter, and he nearly froze. At last the warm sun began to shine, and the larks to sing. The duckling flapped

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his wings and found that they were strong. Away he flew over the meadows and fields.

Soon he found himself in a beautiful garden where the apple trees were in full bloom, and the long branches of the willow trees hung over the shores of the lake. Just in front of him he saw three beautiful white swans swimming lightly over the water.

"I will fly to those beautiful birds," he said. "They will kill me because I am so ugly; but it is all the same. It is better to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks and pecked by the hens."

So he flew into the water and swam towards the beautiful birds. They saw the duckling and came sailing down toward him. He bowed his head saying, "Kill me, oh, kill me."

But what was this he saw in the clear water? It was his own image, and lo! he was no longer a clumsy dark-gray bird, but a — swan, a beautiful white swan. It matters not if one was born in a duck yard, if one has only lain

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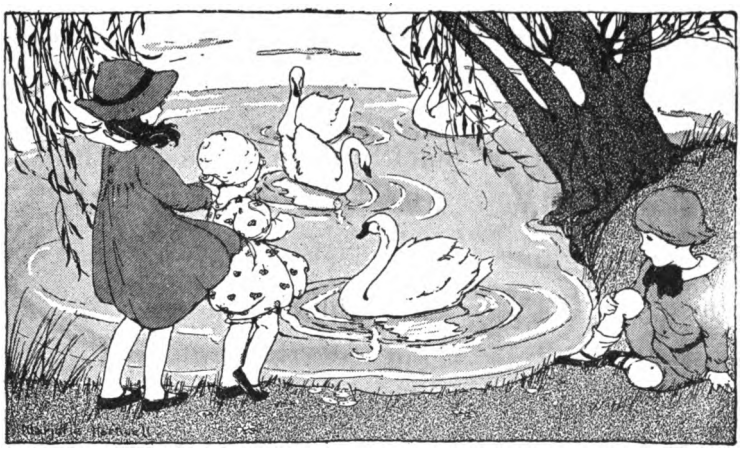

in a swan's egg. The other swans swam around him to welcome him.

Some little children came into the garden with corn and other grains which they threw into the water. The smallest one cried, "Oh, see! there is a new swan, and it is more beautiful than any of the others."

The ugly duckling was shy and at first hid his head under his wing. Then he felt so happy that he raised his neck and said, "I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was an ugly duckling."

—Hans Christian Andersen.

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THE WHITE BLACKBIRD

I

I was born a blackbird in a bushy thicket near a meadow. My father took good care of his family and would peck about all day for insects. These he brought home to my mother, holding them by the tail so as not to mash them. He had a sweet voice, too, and every evening sang beautiful songs.

I should have been happy, but I was not. I ate little and was weak; and from the first, I was different from my brothers and sisters. They had glossy, black feathers, while mine were dirty gray. These made my father angry whenever he looked at them.

When I moulted for the first time, he watched me closely. While the feathers were falling out and while I was naked, he was kind; but my new feathers drove him wild with anger. I did not wonder. I was no longer even gray; I had become snow white.

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I was a white blackbird! Did such a thing ever happen in a blackbird family before?

It made me very sad to see my father so vexed over me. But it is hard to stay sad forever, and one sunshiny spring day I opened my bill and began to sing. At the first note my father flew up into the air like a sky-rocket.

"What do I hear?" he cried. "Is that the way a blackbird whistles? Do I whistle that way?"

"I whistle the best I can," I replied.

"That is not the way we whistle in my family," my father said. "We have whistled for many, many years and know how to do it. It is not enough for you to be white; you must make that horrible noise. The truth is you are not a blackbird."

"I will leave home," I answered with a sob. "I will go far away where I can pick up a living on earthworms and spiders."

"Do as you please," my father said. "You are not a blackbird."

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II

I flew away early the next morning, and was lucky enough to find shelter under an old gutter. It rained hard that night. I was just about to go to bed, when a very wet bird came in and sat down beside me. His feathers were grayish like mine, but he was much larger than myself.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I don't know," I replied. "I pass for a blackbird but I am white."

"I am the finest bird in the world," he said. "I am a carrier pigeon and carry messages."

Then I saw that a traveling bag hung from his neck.

"Maybe I am a pigeon," I said, "since I am not a blackbird."

"No," he answered, "a runt like you could not be a pigeon."

The next morning the pigeon sprang from the gutter and flew away as fast as the wind.

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As I was lonely, I followed him. He flew faster and faster, but I kept up for a good while. At last my strength gave out and I fell down into a meadow.

I was stunned by the fall. When I came to my senses, two birds stood near by looking at me. One was a dainty little magpie; the other a soft-eyed turtle dove. The magpie kindly offered me some berries she had gathered.

"Who are you?" she asked.

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"A blackbird or a pigeon," I said sadly. "I don't know which."

"Are you joking?" she cried. "You are a magpie."

"But magpies are not white," I said.

"Russian magpies are," she answered; "perhaps you belong to that family."

My joy was great for a moment at finding out what I was. Still I was not sure that I was a magpie and thought I might settle the matter by singing. I burst into song and warbled and whistled, and whistled and warbled.

The magpie looked at me in surprise. Then her face grew sad and she backed off from me. At last she flew away without another word. Whatever I might be, I was not a magpie — not even a Russian magpie.

I made up my mind not to rest until I found out what bird I was. So I flew off to a place where birds of all kinds met to talk and enjoy themselves. There were robins

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and sparrows and crows and wrens and martins and every sort of bird. But I was not like any of them and whenever I began to sing, they all laughed.

"You are not one of us," they said; "you are a white blackbird. That is what you are."

III

I had now seen all the birds, but none of them were as fine as the blackbirds. I did not want to be like any of these birds; I longed to be a blackbird, a real blackbird. That was not possible. So I made up my mind to be content with my lot, as I had the heart of a blackbird even if I were not black.

A great flock of blackbirds lived on the edge of a cornfield. I went to them and asked them to let me be their helper.

"I am only a white blackbird," I said, "but I have the heart of a true blackbird."

They let me stay. I waited on them early and late, bringing straw to make nests and

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tender little worms for the baby blackbirds. The old birds were kind to me, and I began to be happy.

Hard work did me good. I soon grew strong, and when the crows tried to drive us away, I led the blackbirds to victory. My sight was keen, and I was the first to find out that the scarecrow was not a man. I caught more worms, too, than any of the blackbirds.

By and by a strange thing happened. I saw one day that my white feathers were speckled with brown dots. They grew larger and larger until the dots covered me all over; I was no longer white but brown. And now, little by little, my brown coat turned darker and darker until one morning it was black — a rich, glossy black! I was a blackbird at last.

Then the other blackbirds hopped around me with joy, crying, "He is the largest and bravest of the blackbirds. Let him be king! Long live the king of the blackbirds!"

— Alfred de Musset (*Adapted*).

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THE BROWN THRUSH

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in
the tree,
He's singing to me! He's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? don't you see?
Hush! look! in my tree,
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest
do you see,
And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me.

—Lucy Larcom.

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THE KING AND THE GOOSEHERD

Act I

(King in plain clothes had gone out for a walk in the park. He sat under a tree to read a book and fell asleep. When he waked up he walked on, forgetting his book. He sees a lad looking after a flock of geese and calls him.)

King: Boy, I left a book lying under a tree in the park. Will you please get it for me? If you do, I will give you a gold piece.

Boy: Give me a gold piece to go to the park, indeed! You must have a pocketful of gold pieces. Or you must think me more stupid than I am.

King: Stupid! Who thinks you stupid?

Boy: Why, who would be so foolish as to give me a gold piece just for running half a mile for a book? No, no, you are joking. You couldn't make me believe that.

King: Well, you know "seeing is believing." Look! here is the gold piece for you.

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BOY: But it is in *your* hand. If I saw it in my own hand, that would be a different matter.

KING (*laughing*): You are certainly not stupid, my boy; but you may have it in your own hand. Here it is.

(Boy stands still, looking worried.)

KING: Well, why don't you go?

BOY: I only wish I could. But what would become of the geese while I am away? If they strayed into the meadow over yonder, I should have to pay trespass-money — more than the gold piece — and lose my place besides.

KING: I'll tell you what we'll do. You go for the book, and I'll herd the geese.

BOY (*laughing*): You herd the geese — a pretty gooseherd you would make! You are too fat and too old.

KING (*to himself, shaking with laughter*): Well, well, "fat and old." What next, I wonder!

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BOY: Why, you couldn't mind the geese. Just look at the "court gander" there — the one with the black head and wings. He is the ringleader whenever there is any mischief. He would lead you a pretty dance.

KING: Never mind the geese. I'll answer for them, and I promise to pay all damages if they get away.

BOY (*handing the king his whip*): Well, then, be careful. Watch the "court gander."

(Boy walks on a few feet, then hurries back.)

KING: What's the matter now?

BOY: Crack the whip!

(King tries but fails.)

BOY: Just as I thought. Here, this way! Can't you see? You are stupid!

KING: Just let me try once more.

(King tries.)

BOY: Well, that did pretty well.

(Moves off muttering.)

He is as big a goose as any in the flock.

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KING (*lying on the ground and laughing so that the tears run down his cheeks*): Oh, but this is fine! First I was fat and old. Now I am as big a goose as any in the flock. What would my courtiers say?

(Springing up suddenly.)

Look at that "court gander"! There he goes with the whole flock.

(He dashes wildly after the geese and tries to crack the whip, but cannot.)

Now they are in the meadow; what will the boy say?

(Boy returns and sees the geese in the meadow; the king looks ashamed.)

BOY: Just as I expected. I have found the book, but you have lost the geese. What a time I shall have trying to find them!

KING: Never mind; I will help you get them together again.

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BOY: Humph! Much help you'll be. But go there by that stump and don't let the geese pass you. Wave your arms at them and shout at them. Surely you can do that!

KING: I'll try.

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Act III

Boy: Well, they are back again! Thanks to goodness, but none to you. What can you do?

King: Pray excuse me for not doing any better, but you see, I am not used to work. I am the king.

Boy: I was a simpleton to trust you with the geese; but I am not such a simpleton as to believe that you are the king.

King: Just as you will. You are a good lad. Here is another gold coin as a peace offering. Good-day.

Boy (*as king walks away*): He is a kind gentleman, whoever he may be; but take my word for it, he will never make a gooseherd.

— Old Tale.

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DONAL AND CONAL

I

There was once in old Ireland a very fine lad by the name of Donal. He was not only a very fine lad, but a very gay lad. He would go for miles to a party or a wedding; and he was always welcome, for Donal knew where to wear his smile. He wore it on his face instead of keeping it in his pocket.

The dearest wish of Donal's heart no one knew but himself. His soul was full of music, and he longed to have a violin.

One night Donal was going home through a dark forest when a storm came up. He found an old hollow tree and got inside of it to keep dry. Soon he fell asleep.

After a while Donal was awakened by a strange noise. He peeped out, and he saw a queer sight. The storm had passed, and the moon was shining. Many elves were dancing to strange music played by an old, old elf.

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Such queer dancing it was! Donal crept out of the tree and drew nearer and nearer. Suddenly he laughed out loud and said, "Well, that's the worst dancing I have ever seen!"

The fairies were astonished and angry, and they all began to talk at the same time.

"We have a man among us!" cried one.

"Let us hang him!" cried another.

"Cut his head off!" cried a third.

But the queen stepped out among them and said, "Leave him to me."

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Then she called Donal to her. Now Donal was a wee bit frightened, but he knew where to wear his smile, you remember. So he went up to the queen, smiling and bowing.

"You say our dancing is the worst you have ever seen," she said. "Now, show us that you can do better."

Donal smiled again and bowed low. Then he began to dance. Such dancing the elves had never seen! They clapped their hands and made him dance again and again. Finally, Donal was exhausted, and after making a low bow to the queen, sat down on the ground.

The fairies crowded around him.

"Give him our silver!" cried one.

"Make it gold!" cried another.

"Diamonds!" cried a third.

But the queen said, "Leave it to me."

She went up to the old, old elf who had been playing for the dance. Taking his violin from him, she gave it to Donal. You see, the queen knew the dearest wish of his heart.

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Then Donal was a happy lad, indeed! He thanked the queen and went home playing on his new violin.

II

There lived near Donal's home a lad named Conal. He was not such a fine lad as Donal, nor such a gay one. He was a greedy lad, and the dearest wish of his heart was to be rich. And he did not know where to wear his smile. If he had one, he kept it in his pocket.

When Conal heard what had happened to Donal, he wished to know all about it. So he went to him and said, "Donal, man, how did you get that beautiful violin?"

Donal told the story backward and forward, and forward and backward, from beginning to end, until Conal knew it by heart.

Then Conal said to himself, "I will go to the hollow tree and dance for the elves; but I shall not be so foolish as Donal. I will take their gold and silver, and their diamonds, too."

That night Conal went to the hollow tree

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and waited until the elves appeared. Then he crept out and watched them dance. And he said, just as Donal had, "Well, that's the worst dancing I have ever seen!"

The fairies were astonished and angry again, and again they all began to talk at once.

"Another man among us!" cried one.

"Let us hang him!" cried another.

"Cut off his head!" cried a third.

But the queen said, "Leave it to me."

Then she called Conal to her. Now Conal did not know where to wear his smile, you remember; he always kept it in his pocket. So he went up to the queen with a very sour face.

The queen said to him, as she had to Donal, "You say our dancing is the worst you have ever seen. Now, show us that you can do better."

Conal began to dance, and he could dance well. The elves were delighted. They clapped their hands and asked him to dance again, but he said roughly, "No, that is enough. Do you expect me to dance all night?"

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The elves were silent then, and the queen's face was stern. But she was a just queen, and she said, "You have danced well. Will you have some of our silver?"

"Yes," said Conal, without a word of thanks; and he filled his coat pockets.

"Will you have gold?" asked the queen.

"Yes," said Conal greedily, as he filled the pockets in his trousers.

"Will you have some of our diamonds?" the queen asked, and her face was dark with anger.

"Yes, yes," cried Conal.

"You shall not have them, you greedy lad!" cried the queen; "you shall have nothing."

Just then a cloud passed across the moon, and the elves vanished.

"Oh, well," said Conal, "I have the gold and silver."

He plunged his hands into his pockets and lo! the gold and silver had turned to stones. Then Conal went home a sadder and a wiser lad.

— Irish Tale.

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WHO TOLD THE NEWS?

Oh, the sunshine told the bluebird,
And the bluebird told the brook,
That the dandelions were peeping
From the woodland's sheltered nook.

Then the brook was blithe and happy,
And it babbled all the way,
As it ran to tell the river
Of the coming of the May.

Soon the river told the meadow,
And the meadow told the bee,
That the tender buds were swelling
On the old horse-chestnut tree.

And the bee shook off its torpor,
And it spread each gauzy wing,
As it flew to tell the flowers
Of the coming of the spring.

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THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

I

It was spring. The apple trees and the cherry trees were pink and white with blossoms. They filled the air with fragrance. The maples were red, and on the oak and poplar the buds were swelling. The brooklets were rushing and leaping on toward the sea.

It was spring everywhere. The robin and the bluebird were piping sweetly in the blossoming orchard. The sparrows were chirping, and hungry crows were calling loudly for food. The farmers of Killingworth were plowing the fields, and the broken clods, too, told of spring.

A farmer heard the cawing of the crows and the song of the birds.

He said, "Did one ever see so many birds? Why, when we plant our seeds, these birds will take them all. When the fruit ripens, they will destroy it. I, for one, wish there were no birds, and I say kill them all."

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Another farmer said, "Yes, let us call a meeting of the people of the village and decide what is to be done with the pests."

The meeting was called, and all came: the squire, the preacher, the teacher, and the farmers from the country round about.

Up rose the farmer who had said he wished there were no birds.

"Friends," he said, "the crows are about to take my field of corn. I put up scarecrows, but the birds fly by them and seem to laugh at them. The robins are as saucy as they can be. Soon they will eat all the cherries we have. I say kill all birds; they are a pest."

"So say I," said another farmer.

"And I," said another.

"And I," "And I," came from voices in every part of the hall.

The teacher arose and timidly said:

"My friends, you know not what you do. You would put to death the birds that make sweet music for us in our dark hours: the

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thrush, the oriole, the noisy jay, the bluebird, the meadow lark.

"You slay them all, and why? Because they scratch up a little handful of wheat or corn, while searching for worms or weevils.

"Do you never think who made them and who taught them their songs of love? Think of your woods and orchards without birds!

"And, friends, would you rather have insects in the hay? You call the birds thieves, but they guard your farms. They drive the enemy from your cornfields and from your harvests.

"Even the blackest of them, the crow, does good. He crushes the beetle and wages war on the slug and the snail.

"And, what is more, how can I teach your children gentleness and mercy when you contradict the very thing I teach?"

But the farmers only shook their heads and laughed. "What does the teacher know of such things?" they asked. And they passed a law to have the birds killed.

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So the dreadful war on birds began. They fell down dead, with bloodstains on their breasts. Some fluttered, wounded, away from the sight of man, while the young died of starvation in the nests.

II

The summer came, and all the birds were dead. The days were like hot coals. In the orchards hundreds of caterpillars fed. In the fields and gardens hundreds of insects of every kind crawled, finding no foe to check them. At last the whole land was like a desert.

From the trees caterpillars dropped down upon the women's bonnets, and they screamed and ran. At every door, the women gathered and talked.

"What will become of us?" asked one. "The men were wrong, — something must be done."

"The teacher was right," said another.

At last, the farmers grew ashamed of having killed the birds. They met and did away with the wicked law, but it was too late.

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Harvest time came, but there was no harvest. In many a home there was want and sorrow.

The next spring a strange sight was seen — a sight never seen before or since. Through the streets there went a wagon filled with great branches of trees. Upon them were hung cages of birds that were making sweet music.

From all the country round these birds had been brought by order of the farmers. The cages were opened, and once more the woods and fields were filled with the beautiful birds, who flew about singing their songs of joy. And again the harvests grew in the fields and filled to overflowing the farmers' barns.

— *Adapted from* LONGFELLOW.

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THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

I

Many, many moons ago, in a lodge in a forest, there lived an old man. His hair was white as the snowdrift. All the world was winter; snow and ice were everywhere, and the old man wore heavy furs.

The winds went wildly through the forest searching every bush and tree for birds to chill. The old man looked in vain in the deep snow for pieces of wood to keep up the fire in his lodge. Then he sat down by his dull and low fire.

Shaking and trembling he sat there, hearing nothing but the tempest as it roared through the forest, seeing nothing but the snowstorm as it whirled and hissed and drifted.

All the coals became white with ashes, and the fire was slowly dying. Suddenly the wind blew aside the door of the lodge, and there came in a most beautiful maiden.

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Her cheeks were like the wild rose, her eyes were soft and glowed like the stars in spring-time; and her hair was as brown as October's nuts.

Her dress was of ferns and sweet grasses, her moccasins were of white lilies, on her head was a wreath of wild flowers, and in her hands were beautiful blossoms. When she breathed, the air became warm and fragrant.

"Ah, my daughter," exclaimed the old man. "Happy are my eyes to see you. Sit here on the mat beside me; sit here by the dying embers. Tell me of your strange adventures, and I will tell you of my deeds of wonder."

From his pouch he drew his peace pipe, very old and strangely fashioned. He filled the pipe with bark of willow, and placed a burning coal upon it.

Then he said, "I am Manito, the Mighty. When I blow my breath about me, the rivers become motionless and the waters hard as stone."

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The maiden smiling said, "When I blow my breath about me, flowers spring up over all the meadows. And all the rivers rush onward, singing songs of joy."

"When I shake my hoary tresses," said the old man, darkly frowning, "all the ground is covered with snow. All the leaves fade and wither."

"When I shake my flowing ringlets," said the maiden, "the warm rains fall over all the land."

Then proudly the old man replied, "When I walk through the forest, everything flees before me. The animals hide in their holes. The birds rise from the lakes and the marshes, and fly to distant regions."

Softly the maiden answered, "When I walk through the forest, all is bright and joyous. The animals come from their holes. The birds return to the lakes and marshes. The leaves come back to the trees. The plants lift up their heads to kiss the breezes. And where-

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ever my footsteps wander, all the meadows wave their blossoms, all the woodlands ring with music."

II

While they talked, the night departed. From his shining lodge of silver came the sun. The air was warm and pleasant; the streams began to murmur; the birds began to sing. And a scent of growing grasses was wafted through the lodge.

The old man's face dropped upon his breast, and he slept. Then the maiden saw more clearly the icy face before her — saw the icy face of winter.

Slowly she passed her hands above his head. Streams of water ran from his eyes, and his body shrunk and dwindled till it faded into the air — vanished into the earth — and his clothing turned to green leaves.

The maiden took from her bosom the most precious flowers. Kneeling upon the ground, she hid them all about among the leaves.

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"I give you my most precious flowers and my sweetest breath," she said, "but all who would pluck you must do so upon bended knee."

Then the maiden moved away — through the forest and over the waking fields; and wherever she stepped, and nowhere else in all the land, grows the trailing arbutus.

— INDIAN LEGEND.

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HIDDEN TREASURE

I

Once upon a time there was an old farmer named John Jacobs. He had heard that treasures were found in odd places. He thought and thought about such treasures until he could think of nothing else; and he spent all his time hunting for them. How he wished he could find a pot of gold!

One morning he arose with a bright face and said to his wife, "At last, Mary, I've found the treasure."

"No, I cannot believe it," she said.

"Yes," he answered; "at least it is as good as found. I am only waiting until I have my breakfast. Then I will go out and bring it in."

"Oh, how did you find it?" asked the wife.

"I was told about it in a dream," said he.

"Where is it?"

"Under a tree in our orchard," said John.

"Oh, John, let us hurry and get it."

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So they went out together into the orchard.

"Which tree is it under?" asked the wife.

John scratched his head and looked silly.

"I really do not know," he said.

"Oh, you foolish man," said the wife. "Why didn't you take the trouble to notice?"

"I did notice," said he. "I saw the exact tree in my dream, but there are so many trees here that I am confused. There is only one thing to do now. I must begin with the first tree and keep on digging until I come to the one with the treasure under it."

This made the wife lose all hope. There were eighty apple trees and a score of peach trees.

She sighed and said, "I suppose if you must, you must, but be careful not to cut any of the roots."

By this time John was in a very bad humor. He went to work saying, "What difference does it make if I cut all the roots? The whole orchard will not bear one bushel of good apples

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or peaches. I don't know why, for in father's time it bore wagonloads of choice fruit."

"Well, John," said his wife, "you know father used to give the trees a great deal of attention."

But John grumbled to himself as he went on with his digging. He dug three feet deep around the first tree, but no treasure was there. He went to the next tree, but found nothing, then to the next and the next, until he had dug around every tree in the orchard. He dug and dug, but no pot of gold did he find.

II

The neighbors thought that John was acting queerly. They told other people, who came to see what he was doing.

They would sit on the fence and make sly jokes about digging for hidden treasure. They called the orchard "Jacobs' folly."

Soon John did not like to be seen in the orchard. He did not like to meet his neigh-

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bors. They would laugh and say, "Well, John, how much money did you get from the holes?"

This made John angry. At last he said, "I will sell the place and move away."

"Oh, no," said the wife, "this has always been our home, and I cannot think of leaving it. Go and fill the holes; then the neighbors will stop laughing. Perhaps we shall have a little fruit this year, too. The heaps of earth have stood in wind and frost for months, and that will help the trees."

John did as his wife told him. He filled the holes with earth and smoothed it over as level as before. By and by everybody forgot "Jacobs' folly."

Soon the spring came. April was warm, and the trees burst into bloom.

"Mary," said John one bright spring day, "don't you think the blossoms are finer than usual this year?"

"Yes, they look as they did when your father was alive," said his wife.

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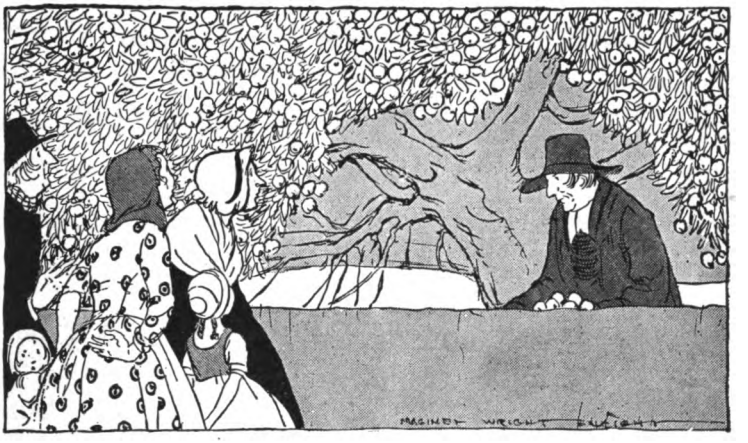

By and by, the blooms fell, leaving a million little green apples and peaches. Summer passed and autumn followed. The branches of the old trees could hardly hold up all the fine fruit on them.

Now the neighbors came, not to make fun, but to praise. "How did you do it?" they asked.

"The trees were old and needed attention," said John. "By turning the soil and letting in the air, I gave them strength to bear fruit. I have found the treasure after all, and I have learned a lesson. Tilling the soil well is the way to get treasure from it." —GRIMM.

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THE LITTLE BROWN BROTHER

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cozily, close to each other;
Hark to the song of the lark —

"Waken!" the lark says, "waken and dress you;
Put on your green coats and gay,
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you —
Waken! 'tis morning — 'tis May!"

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
What kind of flower will you be?
I'll be a poppy — all white, like my mother;
Do be a poppy like me.

What! you're a sunflower? How I shall miss you
When you're grown golden and high!
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you;
Little brown brother, good-by!

— Emily Nesbit.

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WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

Once upon a time there were some wise men who lived in Gotham. Listen and you will hear how wise they were.

Twelve of these wise men went fishing one day. Some went into the stream and some stayed on dry ground. They caught many fish and had a good time.

As they came home, one of the men said, "We have risked much wading in that stream. I pray God no one of us is drowned."

"Why, one of us might be! Who knows?" cried another. "Let's see about it. Twelve of us went fishing this morning. We must count and see if twelve are returning."

So one man counted, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven." And he did not count himself!

"Alas! One of us is drowned!" he cried.

"Woe be unto us! Let me count," said another. And he did not count himself.

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"Alas! alas!" he wailed; "truly one of us is drowned!"

Then every man counted, and each one failed to count himself.

"Alas! alas!" they all cried; "one of us is drowned! Which one is it?"

They went back to the shore, and they looked up and down for him that was drowned. All the time they were lamenting loudly.

A courtier came riding by. "What are you seeking?" he asked, "and why are you so sorrowful?"

"Oh," said they, "this day we came to fish in the stream. There were twelve of us, but one is drowned."

"Why," said the courtier, "count yourselves and see how many there be."

Again they counted, and again each man failed to count himself.

"Well, this is sad," said the courtier, who saw how the mistake had been made. "What will you give me if I find the twelfth man?"

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"Sir," cried all together, "you may have all the money we own."

"Give me the money," said the courtier.

Then he began to count. He gave the first man a whack over the shoulders and said, "There is one."

He gave the next a whack and said, "There is two." And so he counted until he came to the last man. He gave this one a sounding blow, saying, "And here is the twelfth."

"God bless you!" cried all the company. "You have found our neighbor."

—Old English Story.

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THE MILLER'S GUEST

I

A hunter who had ridden ahead in the chase was lost. The sun went down, and darkness fell upon the forest. The hunter blew his horn, but no answer came. What should he do?

At last he heard the sound of horse's hoofs. Some one was coming. Was it friend or foe? The hunter stood still, and soon a miller rode out into the moonlight.

"Pray, good fellow, be so kind as to tell me the way to Nottingham," said the hunter.

"Nottingham? Why should you be going to Nottingham? The king and his court are there. It is not a place for the like of you," replied the miller.

"Well, well, perhaps you are right, good miller," said the hunter. "And yet who knows? I'll wager that the king is no better man than I am. However, it is getting late,

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and lodging I must have. Will you give me shelter for the night?"

"Nay, nay, not so fast," said the miller. "Stand forth and let me see if you are a true man. Many thieves wear fine clothes these days."

The hunter stepped forward. "Well, and what do you think of me?" he asked gayly. "Will you not give a stranger lodging?"

"How do I know that you have one penny in your purse?" asked the miller. "You may carry your all on your back, for aught I know. I've heard of lords who are like that."

"True, good miller, but I have gold. If it be forty pence, I will pay it," said the hunter.

"If you are a true man, and have the pence, then lodging you may have. My good wife may not like it, but we'll see," said the miller.

"Good!" cried the hunter. "And here's my hand on it."

"Nay, nay, not so fast," replied the miller. "I must know you better before I shake hands. None but an honest man's hand will I take."

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"Some day, my good miller," replied the hunter, "I hope to have you take my hand in yours. Proud will I be when the day comes."

II

And so to the miller's house they went. The miller again looked at the stranger and said, "I like his face well. He may stay with us, may he not, good wife?"

"Yes, he is a handsome youth, but it's best not to go too fast," said the good wife. "He may be a runaway servant. Let him show his passport, and all shall be well."

The hunter bowed low, and said, "I have no passport, good dame, and I never was any man's servant. I am but a poor courtier who has lost his way. Pray give me lodging for the night. Your kindness I will surely repay."

Then the wife whispered to the miller, "The youth is of good manners and to turn him out would be sin."

"Yea, a well-mannered youth — and one who

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knows his betters when he sees them," the miller replied. "Let the lad stay."

"Well, young man," said the wife, "you are welcome here; and well lodged you shall be, though I do say it myself. You shall have a fresh bed with good brown sheets."

"Aye," said the miller, "and you shall sleep with our own son Richard."

Then they all sat down to supper — such a supper: pudding, apple pie, and good things of all kinds. Then at a wink from the miller, the wife brought out a venison pasty.

"Eat!" said the miller. "This is dainty food."

"Faith!" cried the hunter, "I never before ate such meat."

"Pshaw!" said Richard. "We eat this every day."

"Every day? Where do you buy it?"

"Oh, never a penny pay we. In merry Sherwood Forest we find it. Now and then, you see, we make bold with the king's deer."

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"Then I think that it is venison," said the hunter.

"To be sure. Any fool would know that," replied Richard; "but say nothing about it. We would not have the king hear of it."

"I'll keep your secret," said the hunter. "Don't fear. The king shall never know more than he knows now."

And so the evening passed merrily. It was late when the guest sought his bed, but right soundly did he sleep.

The next morning the miller, the good wife, and Richard came out to see the hunter on his way. Just then a party of nobles rode up.

"There's the king!" cried one.

"Pardon, your majesty!" cried another, and all fell upon their knees before the hunter.

The miller stood shaking and quaking, and for once his wife could not speak. The king, with a grave face, drew his sword, but not a word did he say.

The terrified miller threw himself at his

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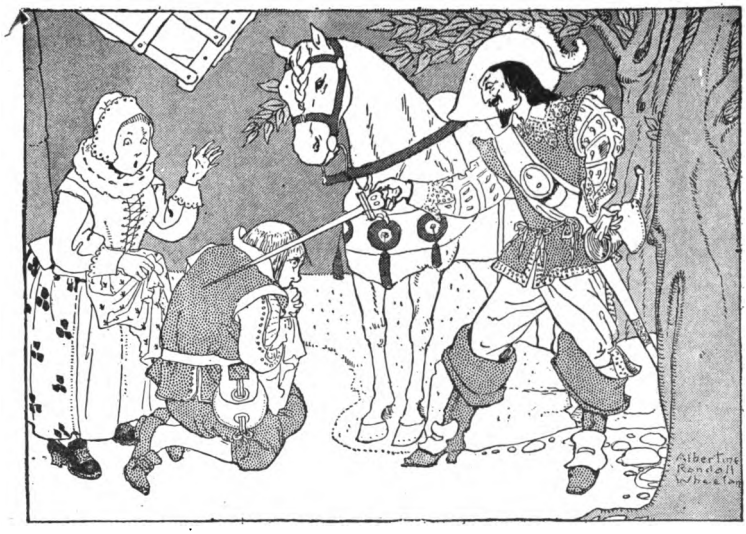

ruler's feet, crying out for mercy. Again the sword was raised, and down it fell, but lightly, upon the miller's shoulder, and the king said:

"Your kind courtesy I will repay; so I here dub thee Knight. Rise, Sir John of Mansfield."

For many a day the miller and his wife told of the night the king spent with them. And for many a day the king told of the time he was taken for a thief and ate of his own deer in the miller's house.

— ENGLISH BALLAD (*Adapted*).

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SADDLE TO RAGS

I

This story I'm going to sing,
I hope it will give you content,
Concerning a silly old man
That was going to pay his rent,
With a till-a-dill, till-a-dill-dill,
Till-a-dill, dill-a-dill, dee,
Sing fol-de-dill, dill-de-dill, dill,
Fol-de-dill, dill-de-dill, dee.

A silly old man said to his wife one day, "Well, 'tis time I paid my rent. The landlord has been away for a year and a day, but now he is back, and I must pay for twelve months."

"Yes, it's twice forty pounds that is due, and it should be paid," said the good wife. "So much money in the house keeps me from sleeping at night."

"Well, I'll bridle old Tib, and away we shall go," said the old man. "Right glad I'll be, too, to be rid of the gold."

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The silly old man bridled old Tib and saddled her too. And away they started. As he was jogging along, a stranger came riding up on a fine horse with fine saddle bags.

"Good morning, old man," said the stranger.

"Good morning," said the old man.

"How far are you going?"

"To tell the truth, kind sir, I am going just two miles," said the old man.

"And where are you going?" asked the stranger.

"I am going to pay my rent, kind sir," said the old man. "I am but a silly old man who farms a piece of ground. My rent for a half year is forty pounds; but my landlord has been away for a year, and now I owe him eighty pounds. Right glad I am to pay it."

"Eighty pounds! That is indeed a large sum," cried the stranger, "and you ought not to tell anybody you carry so much. There are many thieves about, and you might be robbed."

"Oh, never mind!" said the old man. "I

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do not fear thieves. My money is safe in my saddle bags, on which I ride."

So they rode along most pleasantly.

When they came to a thick wood, the stranger pulled out a pistol and said, "Stand still, and give me your money."

"Nay," said the old man. "The money is for my landlord. I will not give it to you."

"Your money or your life!"

"Well, if you will have it, you can go for it," cried the old man, as he threw his old saddle bags over a hedge.

The thief dismounted and said, "Stand here and hold my horse while I go over the hedge. You are silly, but surely you can do that."

The thief climbed through the hedge. When he was on the other side, the old man got on the thief's horse, and away he galloped.

"Stop, stop!" cried the thief. "And half of my share you shall have."

"Nay," cried the man. "I think I'll go on. I'd rather have what's in your bag."

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And away he galloped, riding as he never rode before.

II

The thief thought there must be something in the old man's bags; so with his big rusty knife he chopped them into rags. But no money did he find, for the silly old man was not so silly as he seemed. His money was in his pocket.

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The old man rode on to his landlord's home and paid his rent. Then he opened the thief's bag, which was glorious to behold. There were five hundred pounds in gold and silver.

"Where did you get the silver?" asked the landlord. "And where did you get the gold?"

"I met a proud fool on the way," said the old man with a laugh. "I swapped horses with him, and he gave me this to boot."

"Well, well! But you're too old to go about with so much money," said the landlord.

"Oh, I think no one would harm a silly old man like me," said the farmer, as he rode away.

The old man went home by a narrow lane, and there he spied Tib tied to a tree.

"The stranger did not like his trade, I fear," said he. "So I think I'll take Tib home."

The old man went home much richer than when he left. When she heard the story, the wife danced and sang for glee. "'Tis hard to fool my old man," said she.

— English Ballad (*Adapted*).

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HOW THE FLOWERS GROW

This is how the flowers grow;
I have watched them and I know:

First, above the ground is seen
A tiny blade of purest green,
Reaching up and peeping forth
East and west, and south and north.

Then the sunbeams find their way
To the sleeping bud and say,
"We are children of the sun
Sent to wake thee, little one."

And the leaflet opening wide
Shows the tiny bud inside,
Peeping with half-opened eye
On the bright and sunny sky.

Breezes from the west and south
Lay their kisses on its mouth;
Till the petals all are grown,
And the bud's a flower blown.

—GABRIEL STOUN.

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ALADDIN

I

Long ago there lived in China a poor tailor who had a son named Aladdin. The tailor died before he had taught the boy his trade. So the mother was obliged to sell the shop and earn a living by spinning cotton.

One day as Aladdin was playing with some other boys, a man stopped and watched the game. The stranger was a cruel magician. He looked at Aladdin a long time and then said to himself, "This is the boy I need."

He led one of the boys to one side and asked who Aladdin was, who his father was, and all about him. Then he called Aladdin and asked, "Are you the son of Mustapha, the tailor?"

"I am," said Aladdin, "but he is dead."

At this the magician shed tears.

"Why do you weep?" asked Aladdin.

"Alas!" cried the magician, "how can I

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keep from weeping? Your father was my brother. I have been a great traveler but have now come home to see my brother. And you tell me he is dead! How unhappy I am! But it is a joy to see you so like your dear father."

The magician asked Aladdin where he lived. Then he gave him some money and said, "Run home quickly and tell your mother your uncle is coming."

Aladdin ran home as fast as he could, to tell the great news. His mother was surprised when she heard the story and saw the money. "Your father had a brother, but I thought he was dead," she said.

Soon the magician came, carrying food and many presents. He wept when he saw Aladdin's mother, and he kissed the place where Mustapha used to sit. He said, "Do not be surprised that I have not come before. I have traveled far and wide, having been out of this country forty years."

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He then turned to Aladdin and asked, "What trade do you follow, my boy?"

Aladdin hung his head in shame and replied that he had no trade.

"I will buy you a shop," the uncle said, "and stock it with goods. Some day you will be a rich merchant."

The next day the magician bought Aladdin a new suit of clothes. Then he took him about the streets, where he met the great merchants. "You must know these men and learn their ways of doing business," the magician said.

At nightfall the two went home. The mother was delighted to see her handsome and happy son. She said to herself, "Surely this kind man is my husband's brother. No one else would do so much for my boy."

The magician, on going away, said to Aladdin, "To-morrow will be Friday, and the shops will be closed, but I will come and take you to see the gardens and palaces. On Saturday I will buy the shop for you."

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II

Early the next morning the magician and Aladdin started out. They passed beautiful palaces and gardens and went into the country.

Aladdin at last became tired and begged to go back, but the man led him on and on. By and by they came to a narrow valley between two mountains.

"Now," said the magician, "we will stop. I will show you something you never saw or even hoped to see. But, in order to see it, you must do as you are told. First of all, gather some dry sticks while I strike a light."

Soon they had a bright fire. The magician threw a powder into it and spoke a few strange words that Aladdin could not understand.

At once great clouds of smoke arose. The earth trembled, and suddenly the ground opened at their feet. Aladdin saw a stone about half a yard square, with a brass ring in the center of it. He started to run away in

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great fright, but his uncle caught him and knocked him down with a heavy blow. Aladdin got up trembling and weeping.

Then the magician spoke to him kindly. "Do not be frightened," he said; "only obey me. Beneath this stone lies a treasure which is to be yours. No one else may secure it. If you wish to have it, you must do as I tell you."

At that Aladdin forgot his fears and asked, "What do you wish me to do? I am ready."

His uncle replied, "Take hold of the ring and lift up that stone."

"Indeed, uncle," said Aladdin, "I am not strong enough. You must help me."

"No, you must lift it alone," said the magician. "If I touch it the spell will be broken, and we can do nothing. Take hold of the ring. Speak the names of your father and grandfather, and lift. The stone will come easily."

Aladdin did what his uncle told him, and the stone came up as if by magic. Beneath it were steps descending into the ground.

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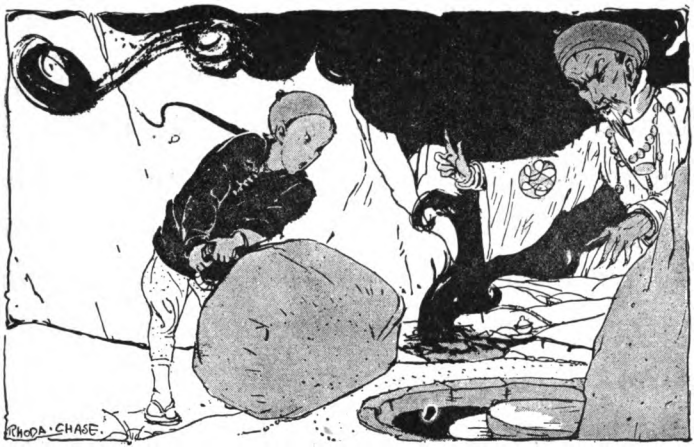

"Go down into that cave," the magician said. "At the foot of those steps you will find an open door which leads into three halls. Go through them without stopping, and take care not to touch anything. If you do, you will die. Go on until you come to a garden of fruit trees. Then walk straight through the garden until you find a lighted lamp. Pour out the oil and bring the lamp to me. You may gather some of the fruit on the trees, if you wish."

He drew a ring from his finger, adding, "This will keep you from all harm. Go boldly, and we shall be rich all the rest of our lives."

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III

Aladdin walked carefully down the steps. He found the three halls and the garden of fruit trees, just as his uncle had told him they would be. Without touching anything, he went through these halls, crossed the garden, and found the lamp. He poured the oil out and placed the lamp inside his coat.

As he came back, he stopped and looked at the beautiful trees. All of them were laden with wonderful fruit of every color — such fruit as he had never seen before. Some of it was white, some red, some blue, some green, some yellow, and all of it sparkled like precious stones. Indeed, every fruit was a precious stone; but Aladdin did not know this. He knew that the fruit was beautiful, and he gathered as much as he could carry. Then he climbed the steps to the mouth of the cave, where the magician was waiting for him.

The last step was high, and the boy was laden with the fruit.

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He cried, "Pray, uncle, lend me your hand to help me out."

"First, give me the lamp," said the magician. "It will be in your way."

"Indeed, I cannot now," cried Aladdin; "my hands are full. As soon as I am up, I will give it to you."

But his uncle would not lend a hand, and Aladdin would not give up the lamp. At last, in great anger, the magician threw some powder into the fire and spoke two magic words. Immediately the stone rolled back to its place, and Aladdin was buried in the cave.

You must know by this time that the magician was not Aladdin's uncle. He had read in his books about a wonderful lamp that would make him the most powerful man in the world. He knew where to find the lamp, but the book said that it must be given him by some one else. He had pretended to be Aladdin's uncle in order to get the boy's help. He had planned to get the lamp and then shut Alad-

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din forever in the cave. But in his rage he had spoken too soon, and the lamp was buried with the boy.

Poor Aladdin was left alone in the dark cave. He called to his uncle, but all in vain. He tried to return to the garden of fruit trees, but the door was now closed and locked.

For two days the boy lay in the dark cave, with nothing to eat or drink. By the third day he was nearly starved. Almost without hope, he clasped his hands in prayer. As he did so, he rubbed the ring which the magician had given him.

In a moment a frightful looking genie rose out of the earth. "What wouldst thou have?" he asked in a terrible voice. "I am the Slave of the Ring and I will obey thee in all things."

At any other time, Aladdin would have been too frightened to speak. But now he replied boldly, "Whoever you are, deliver me from this place, if you are able."

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As he spoke, the earth opened, and he found himself once more in the bright sunlight. He lost no time in starting for home, you may be sure.

IV

When he had eaten, he told his mother all that had happened and showed her the lamp and the fruit. His mother said, "They are all very wonderful, but little good will they do us." She did not know, any more than Aladdin, that each fruit was a precious stone.

The next morning the mother said, "We have nothing to eat, but I have cloth that I have made. I will sell that and buy bread."

"Keep your cloth, mother," said Aladdin. "I will sell the lamp I found in the cave."

"Very well," said his mother, "but first I will clean it. You will get more for it."

As soon as she began to rub the lamp, a frightful genie rose up before her.

"What wouldst thou have?" he asked. "I am the Slave of the Lamp and I will obey thee."

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The poor woman was so frightened at the sight of the genie and at his terrible voice that she fainted. But Aladdin took the lamp out of his mother's hands and said to the genie boldly, "I am hungry. Bring me food."

The genie disappeared. In a moment he returned with a silver tray, twelve silver plates heaped with food, and two silver cups. He placed them upon the table and was gone.

Aladdin dashed cold water into his mother's face. When she opened her eyes she asked, "Whence came this feast?"

"Eat first and I will tell you," replied Aladdin.

After they had eaten, his mother listened to his tale. She was afraid of the genie and she said, "Sell the lamp, my son, and have no more to do with that terrible creature."

"No," replied Aladdin. "We will use the lamp and the ring also."

The food that the genie brought lasted several days. Then Aladdin sold the dishes, one by one.

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When all the dishes were sold, Aladdin rubbed the lamp again. The genie appeared as before and brought him another set of silver dishes heaped with food. In this way Aladdin and his mother lived in comfort.

V

Before very long something unexpected happened. One day Aladdin chanced to see the king's daughter without her veil. She was very beautiful, and Aladdin loved her at once. He told his mother she must go and ask the king to give the princess to him in marriage.

The mother was astonished. "My son, you are surely beside yourself," she cried. But Aladdin did not cease to beg her to go.

At last she said, "I cannot go, because we have no present to give the king."

But Aladdin said, "Oh, yes, we have. I have learned that each fruit I brought from the garden is a precious stone. Take this bowl of jewels to the king."

Finally the mother consented to go to the

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king's palace. The first day she waited a long time, but was not able to present the gift. And so for several days, but at last she was led to the king. She bowed her head to the floor and did not move until he said, "Rise, good woman, and tell me what you wish."

Aladdin's mother bowed to the ground a second time and said, "King of kings, I beg you to pardon the bold request that I make."

The king said she might speak, and she told of her son's request. The king was astonished, but showed no anger. He was still more astonished when he saw the jewels.

Now the king did not wish his daughter to wed a poor woman's son. So he turned to the Grand Vizier and asked, "How can I prevent this marriage without making the woman and her son angry?"

The Vizier replied, "Demand another gift, and one which the son cannot provide."

The king turned to the mother and said, "One more gift must your son make. He

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must send forty trays of silver full of such precious gems as these. Each tray must be carried by a black slave and each black slave must be led by a white slave. All of the slaves must be in the richest dress. When this is done, I will see about the marriage."

Aladdin's mother bowed to the ground and went home to tell Aladdin her story.

Immediately Aladdin went into his room and rubbed his lamp. The genie appeared, and Aladdin told him of the king's demand.

"Bring me this present," he commanded.

The genie disappeared and returned in a few moments with the gift the king demanded. There were the forty white slaves, each leading a black slave. Each black slave carried on his head a tray full of precious stones.

Aladdin's mother started to the king's palace with the gift. As the procession went through the streets, every one gazed with wonder. The slaves were so richly dressed that they were taken for princes themselves.

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They all went before the king, bowed to the ground, and touched the floor with their foreheads. The black slaves uncovered the trays.

Aladdin's mother bowed low and said, "Your majesty, my son Aladdin sends his gift, but he knows it is not worthy of the princess."

The king was greatly pleased and said, "Good woman, tell your son to come at once. I will give him the princess in marriage."

She hastened home with the joyful news.

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Aladdin called the genie, who dressed him in beautiful clothes. When Aladdin appeared at the palace, the king was astonished. He seated the youth beside him on the throne and made a great feast in his honor.

The king said, "You may marry the princess at once."

"Nay, sire," cried Aladdin. "Let me build a palace fit for the beautiful princess. It will be ready to-morrow."

The king wondered, but he consented. Aladdin mounted a beautiful horse the genie had brought and rode away. He called the genie and told him to build the finest palace ever seen. And in the morning, there stood a palace near the king's — the most wonderful palace in the world.

That day the marriage took place. Aladdin and his wife and the old mother lived in the beautiful new palace, where they were all very happy.

— Arabian Nights.

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THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet —
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

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There is one little dream of a beautiful drum —
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of pop-guns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

— Eugene Field.

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THE SANDMAN

The rosy clouds float overhead,
The sun is going down;
And now the sandman's gentle tread
Comes stealing through the town.
"White sand, white sand," he softly cries,
And as he shakes his hand,
Straightway there lies on babies' eyes
His gift of shining sand.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close,
When he goes through the town.

From sunny beaches far away —
Yes, in another land —
He gathers up at break of day
His store of shining sand.
No tempests beat that shore remote,
No ships may sail that way;
His little boat alone may float
Within that lovely bay.

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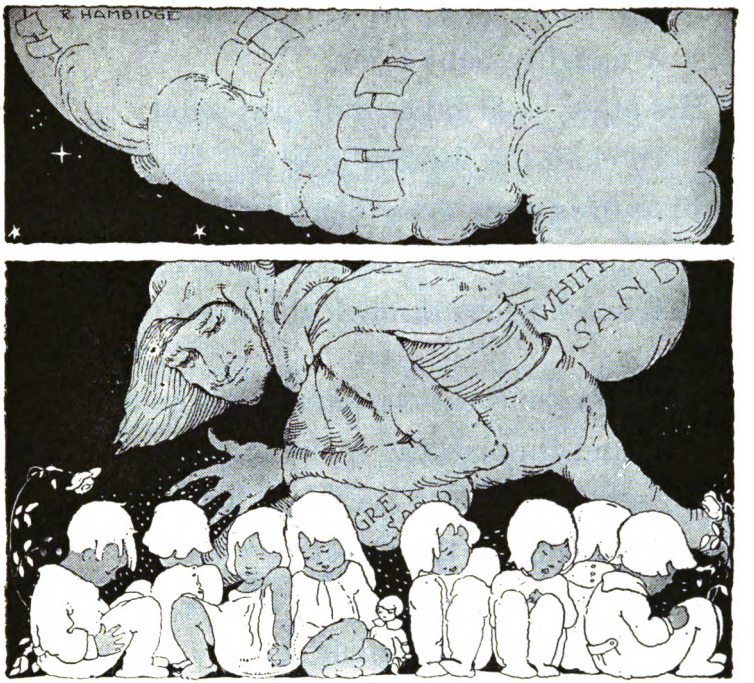

Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close,
When he goes through the town.

He smiles to see the eyelids close
Above the happy eyes;
And every child right well he knows,
Oh, he is very wise!

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But, if as he goes through the land,
A naughty baby cries,
His other hand takes dull gray sand
To close the wakeful eyes.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close,
When he goes through the town.

So when you hear the sandman's song
Sound through the twilight sweet,
Be sure you do not keep him long
A-waiting on the street.
Lie softly down, dear little head,
Rest quiet, busy hands,
Till, by your bed his good-night said,
He strews the shining sands.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close,
When he goes through the town.

—MARGARET VANDERGRIFT.

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DICTIONARY

To the Children: Below you will find the words in the Third Reader that you may not know the meaning of, or how to pronounce. Some words have more than one meaning. In looking for the meaning of a word, choose the meaning that best fits the sentence in which the word occurs.

ad ven ture: a bold undertaking.
af fec tion: love.
a gree ment: a bargain.
A lad din: the hero of an Arabian Nights' tale.
al mond: a nut.
am ber: of the color of amber-yellow.
ap plaud ed: praised.
ar bu tus: a trailing plant with small pinkish-white blossoms.
A tri (Ah tree): a town in Italy.
aught: anything.

Bau cis (Bor sis): a Greek woman.
bel lows (lus): an instrument for blowing a fire, used by blacksmiths.
bil low: a great wave.
blithe (blīthe): joyous; glad.
bred: brought up.
bur dock: a coarse plant with bur-like heads.

card: an instrument for combing cotton, wool, or flax.
chase: hunt; pursuit.
chris ten ing: naming a child at baptism.
cliff: a high, steep face of rock.
com rade (kom rad): a mate; a companion.
Con al (Cŏn'al): an Irish lad.
con ceit ed: proud; vain.
con fess: to own; to admit.
coun cil: a small body called together for a trial, or to decide a matter.
court ier (court'yer): an attendant at the court of a prince.
crime: a wicked act punishable by law.
crouch: to stoop low.

dan ger: risk.
de li cious: pleasing to the taste.
de nied: disowned.
depths: deep part of sea.
de scend ing: going down.
de stroy: break up; kill.
dis tress: suffering of mind.
dock: a place between piers where vessels may anchor.

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Don al (Dŏn′al): an Irish lad.
dor mouse (dor mous′): a small animal that looks like a squirrel.
drought (drout): want of water.
dub: call.
dumps: low spirits.

eaves: overhanging lower edges of a roof.
em bers: smouldering ashes.
em per or: ruler of an empire.
em press: wife of an emperor; a female ruler.
en chant ed: bewitched.
en e my: foe.
es tab lish: to found.
ex act ly: completely.
ex haust ed: tired; worn out.
ex tend ing: reaching.

fam ine: scarcity of food.
fes ti val: a time of feasting.
flax: a slender plant with blue flowers, used to make thread and cloth.
fol ly: foolishness.
foot man: a man servant.
forge: a place with its furnace where metal is heated and hammered into different shapes.
fra grance: sweetness.
free dom: independence; liberty.
fright ful: awful; terrible.

gauz y: like gauze; thin.
gen ie (e): a spirit.
Got ham (Got am): a village in Old England, commonly called Gō tham.
Grand Viz ier: an officer of state, a minister.
grate ful: thankful.
groom: a servant in charge of horses.
guard: one that guards; a watch.

hail ing: calling.
har bor: a protected body of water where vessels may anchor safely.
haught y: proud.
her ald: a messenger.
Ho ang ti (Hō ăng tee): an emperor of China.
hoar y: white.
horse-chest nut: a tree.
hu man: like men.
hu mor: mood; disposition.

in no cent: guiltless.
in spect: examine.
in stant ly: at once.
in vent ed: made.

jest: joke.
ju ni per: an evergreen tree.
jus tice: right treatment.

king dom: country belonging to king or queen.
kirk: church.
knight: a mounted man-at-arms.

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lad en: loaded.
la ment ed: wailed; wept.
lin en: thread or cloth made of flax.
lodge: dwelling place; wigwam.
loom: a machine for weaving threads into cloth.
lus cious: delicious.

ma gi cian (jish an): a wonder-worker.
Man i tou (too): a name given by the Indians to the "Great Spirit," or God.
marsh es: swamps.
mer cy: pity, kindness.
min is ter: a pastor; a clergyman.
mis for tune: bad fortune.
moc ca sin: Indian shoes.
moor: to secure in place, as a vessel; a great tract of waste land.
moult ed: shed feathers.
Mus ta pha (fa): the name of a tailor.

no bles: lords.
nurs er y: play room for children.

o blige: do a favor.
o rang ou tang: a kind of ape.
or der ly: regular; in order.

page: a youth training for knighthood.
pas try (pās): article of food made with crust of paste (or dough), as a pie.
peas ant (pĕs): a tiller of the soil.
pe can: a kind of nut.
Pe kin duck: a large, creamy white duck.
pest: a nuisance.
Phi le mon (Fĭ lē'mon): a Greek peasant.
pil lar: a support.
pin ing: drooping; longing.
pound: a piece of English money, equal to about $5.00 in United States money.
pow der: a fine substance like flour.
prai rie: an extensive tract of level or rolling land.
pre sent: to bring.
pre tend ed: made out.
pro ces sion: parade.

rag ing: furious, violent.
rec og nized: known.
re flec tion: image.
ref uge: shelter.
re fused: declined to do.
reign ing (rain): ruling.
re mote: distant.
re quest: something asked for.
rest less: eager for change, discontented; unquiet.
re store: to return; to give back.
roe buck: male deer.
runt: an animal unusually small of its kind.

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sad dle bags: a pair of pouches attached to a saddle, used to carry small articles.
Salis bur y (Sauls): a town in North Carolina.
sav age: wild; untamed.
scare crow: an object set up to scare crows and other birds away from crops.
score: the number twenty.
se cure: get.
serv ice: benefit; favor.
shek el: ancient coin.
shreds: strips, fragments.
Si ling (Se): a Chinese empress.
sim ple ton: a foolish person.
sire: title of respect.
six pence: six pennies—about twelve cents in United States money.
spark led: shone; glistened.
spell: an enchantment; the effect of magic.
squire: a justice of the peace.
state ly: dignified; majestic.
stat ue: likeness of a human being cut out of stone.
steeped: soaked.
striv ing: laboring; endeavoring.
stub ble: stumps of grain left in ground, as after reaping.

tab lets: a flat piece on which to write.
tai lor: a man who makes clothes.
tasks: work; undertaking.
tem pest: storm.
tem ple: a kind of church.
ter ri ble: awful; making afraid.
thriv ing: prospering; succeeding.
tid ings: news.
till ing: cultivating.
tim id ly: shyly.
tink er ing: mending.
tith ing man (tīth): officer who enforced good behavior.
tor por: numbness; dullness.
tread: step.
tri als: efforts; attempts.
troop: an armed force.

un ex pect ed: not looked for.
u su al: ordinary; common.

vain: proud, conceited; to no purpose.
van ished: disappeared.
veil: a covering for the face.
ven i son (ven'z'n): flesh of deer.
vic to ry: triumph.
vol un teer: one who offers himself for a service.

wa ger (wa'jer): bet.
wages: carries on.
wand: a small stick.
width: breadth.
wig wam: Indian tent.
wis dom: learning; knowledge.

yarn: thread.

Zeus (Zūs): a Greek god.

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

SILENT READING

In most schools too much emphasis is placed upon oral reading. The bulk of our reading is silent reading, and we should train every child to become a rapid silent reader. As some one has said, "Silent reading is the agency which enables the child to look *through* the words *to* the thought in the same way in which one looks through the window-glass to the objects beyond." Too often the child looks *at* the words instead of *through* them, and thus he does not get the thought. Oral reading is important, but silent reading is more so.

Training in silent reading can be given by having the class read the lesson through silently, answering questions asked by the teacher. These questions—or directions—should be given before the child reads. For instance, the teacher may say, "Read this paragraph and find out where Philemon and Baucis lived." "Read the paragraphs that tell how these people lived." As the children grow in capacity to do this work, the lesson may be read from an outline on the board.

ORAL READING

Oral reading is more difficult than silent reading, because it involves both thought-getting and thought-giving. A child cannot express a thought he has not clearly perceived—therefore silent reading of a lesson should precede oral reading. If a pupil *has* the thought, he can usually express it. If he experiences difficulty in giving the thought, that is, in reading with expression, skilful questioning will help. Dramatization and dialogue, wherever they can be used, are effective aids in good oral reading.

READING—STUDY PERIOD

A *reading—study* period as preparation for a reading lesson is an invaluable aid in securing good silent reading and good oral reading as well. In this period the aim is to *get the story* and the main thoughts. As any word difficulty occurs, it is reported by the child and help is given at once—by the class or teacher.

A pupil may say, "I do not know the fifth word in the first line." The teacher should then write it upon the board and have some child tell what it is, or, if the word is a phonetic one, the pupil may be led to get it from phonics. All of the difficult words, as given by the children,

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should be written upon the board, and when the lessons have been read silently a quick drill upon these words should follow. The thought having been clearly grasped and all word difficulties cleared away, the oral reading that follows should present no trouble. This oral reading may come the next day.

USE OF THE DICTIONARY

A dictionary is given in the back of the book, and here the children have an opportunity to learn something of the use of a dictionary. The first step is to teach the children how to look for the words—in alphabetical order. They should be trained in making out an alphabetical list of words from words (scattered promiscuously) on the blackboard. The teacher asks the children to look for all words beginning with *A* and write them in a column under that letter, arranging them strictly according to the alphabet. All words beginning with *B* are found, and so on through the alphabet. Then the teacher shows how the dictionary in the back of the book is to be used. A child finds an unfamiliar word some where in the book and the teacher helps him to find it in the dictionary, get its meaning, and, if necessary, its pronunciation.

In a few cases, words with more than one meaning occur in the book and the pupil must decide which meaning is the appropriate one for the word as used in the lesson.

LESSON HELPS

The lessons in the Third Reader are so simple that little help is needed for teachers or pupils. However, a few suggestions which will help to connect the lessons with the child's school and home life are given.

Pages 9–40

These lessons form one large group in which the central thought is that of preparation for winter. The falling of the leaves and the migration of the birds bring up the question of preparation for winter in the animal and plant world, and many interesting nature lessons may be given in connection with the reading lessons. From this discussion the children are led to a discussion of preparation made in the home. The study of clothing would naturally arise and the group on pages 9–40 will add interest to the study. If possible, the children should be taken to a mill, and primitive and modern methods of making cloth should be compared.

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Pages 42–47

This group will be enjoyed at Hallowe'en. The children should recall "The Elves and the Shoemaker" and "The Fairy Horseshoe," found in *The Child's World* Second Reader. These stories give interesting material for a Hallowe'en celebration.

Pages 48–55

This group should furnish a basis for the discussion of the care of animals. *Black Beauty* and other stories might be read to children in this connection.

Pages 58–66

After this lesson has been read and all the difficulties have been overcome, it should be dramatized. The children at first may *read* their parts, but later the dramatization may be given from memory. This lesson furnishes material for opening exercises or Friday afternoon entertainment.

Pages 67–78

These Southern nonsense tales are given just for the fun that is in them, and children should be encouraged to enjoy them. "Squeaky and the Scarebox," "The Animals and the Mirror," and "The Barber of Bagdad" are other stories which have an element of humor in them, and will be enjoyed by the children. As Sir Gilbert Parker says, teachers and pupils should laugh aloud at least once each day. These stories are given for the enjoyment both of teachers and pupils.

Pages 123–139

This group furnishes an excellent beginning for historical work and the teacher should supplement these stories with others.

Pages 139–153

This is a group of Indian stories which are not found in other readers. Read children the negro tarbaby story and have them note similarity and difference.

Pages 172–198

In this group are two stories of a kind popular with children, and which need no comment. The "Little White Blackbird" is a pleasing companion to "The Ugly Duckling," and the children will enjoy comparing the two.

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Pages 213–227

This is a group that will add interest and beauty to the nature study of spring. After reading these stories the children should have a greater love for birds and flowers.

Pages 229-242

This group contains stories which are a departure for a third reader, but a departure which will be welcomed by teachers and pupils alike. Other stories of the wise men of Gotham should be told by the teacher.

Pages 260-264

Have the children compare the two poems. In Field's poem, who brings sleep? Who in Margaret Vandergrift's? Which poem do you like better? Why? Which lines do you like best in each? Compare with the lullaby on page 139.

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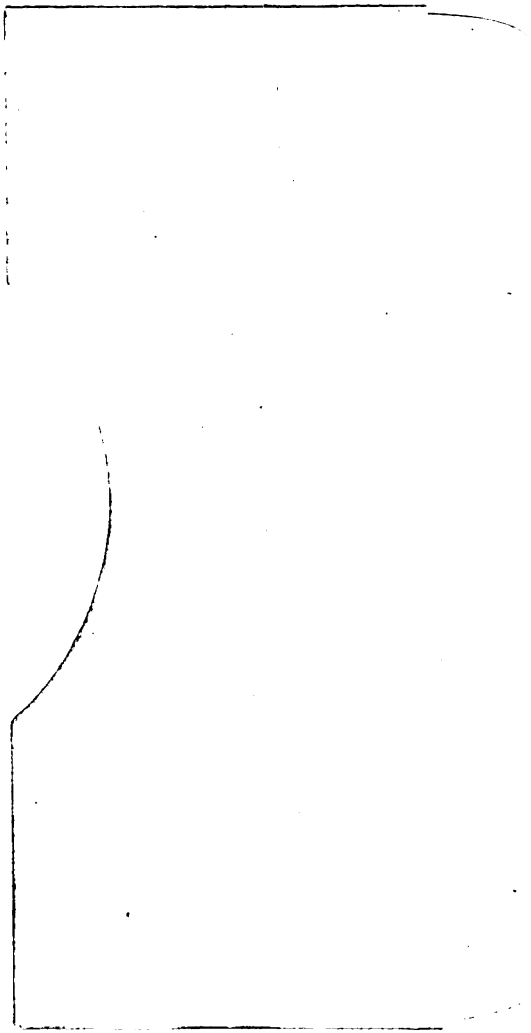

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